Hymn Treasures

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INTRODUCTION.

HYMNOLOGY is like a gold-field. It may appear barren and uninviting to the casual observer, but it contains untold wealth for the earnest seeker.

There are treasures in hymns—no one doubts it. To try to prove it, therefore, would be a thankless task. Some hymns have been sung so often and have blessed so many hearts that their value is recognized by every one. But others may be called "hid treasure," for they are unknown and unappreciated, save by the few. The multitudes are ignorant of their number, their variety, and their worth.

Their number is legion. This does not mean that every hymn is a treasure. There are worthless hymns as truly as there are worthless gems. Yet a careful examination of any standard hymnal will reveal a surprisingly large number of really great hymns, besides a multitude of useful lyrics which could ill be spared. When it is remembered that no one book contains all the valuable hymns, some conception of their number can be gained.

Concerning their variety it may be said that there are three classes of hymn treasures; namely, historical, literary, and devotional. All hymns worthy the name belong to one of these classes, some to more than one, and a few to all three.

Great hymns "are born, and not made." They, therefore, reflect the character of the age, and reveal the inner life of the person, that produced them. Through their agency we become acquainted with such makers of history as Gregory the Great, St. Bernard, Luther, and Wesley.

The particular conditions under which they were written give added meaning to many hymns.

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus!"

was inspired by the dying words of Dudley Tyng: "Tell them to stand up for Jesus." He had been conducting a great revival in the city of Philadelphia, and these words were a message to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Ministers' Union. The hymn was read the next Sunday after his death at the close of a sermon on the same subject.

Hymns have often been sung under the most impressive circumstances. Think of an army singing, as it marched to battle:

"In the midst of life we are in death!"

The following story is told of E. P. Scott, a missionary in India. He went inland to visit a

hostile tribe, and on his way was met by a company of savages, who displayed their spears. Although he expected instant death the missionary calmly took out his violin, closed his eyes, and began to sing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

A few minutes later he opened his eyes to find that his assailants had dropped their weapons and were in tears.

The literary treasures are comparatively few. The requirements of a good hymn are quite distinct from those of a literary poem. There are hymns, however, which take high rank both as hymns and poems. This is eminently true of Dr. Sears's Christmas hymns:

"It came upon the midnight clear;"

and

"Calm on the listening ear of night."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said of the latter that it was "one of the finest and most beautiful hymns ever written." Dr. Nutter says of the hymn by Thomas Olivers,

"The God of Abrah'm praise,"

"It is probably the finest ode in the English language." James Montgomery's hymn beginning,

"Angels, from the realms of glory,"

has also been much admired. An authority speaks of it thus: "For comprehensiveness, appropriateness of expression, force, and elevation of sentiment, it may challenge comparison with any hymn that was ever written in any language or country."

After a performance of the oratorio "Messiah" before George II, of England, the king thanked the composer for the entertainment. Handel replied, "Sire, I have not endeavored to entertain you, but to make you better."

The chief object of a hymn is to lift the soul nearer to God, and to aid it in its worship. It should first inspire, and then give expression to adoration and praise. Many hymns do this. Who does not get a clearer vision of the "One altogether lovely" while singing—

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow."

Every one has felt the uplifting influence of the doxology. The hymn,

"O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,"

is a devotional treasure which has been too little appreciated.

Very many hymns are prayers, and voice the longings and aspirations of the soul. "Love divine, all love excelling," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" are marked examples of this class.

Hymns give expression to the deepest feelings of the human heart, and that is the reason for their helpfulness. "The poet does not give vent to his own frame of mind, his individual feelings, but the Church itself, through his lips, confesses, believes, comforts, praises, and adores."

The sacred character of hymns and their hallowed associations entitle them to reverent use. They should not be sung thoughtlessly or insincerely. It was a precept of the early Church: "See that what thou singest with thy lip, thou believest also in thine heart; and what thou believest in thine heart, thou practicest also in thy life."

The worth of a hymn must be determined by two things; first, the extent of its influence over the human mind, and second, its power to survive.

The influence of song has been recognized in all ages. Five hundred years before Christ, the Chinese philosopher Confucius remarked, "Would'st thou know if a people be well governed, if their manners be good or bad, examine the music they practice."

Early in the Christian era, when the Church

divided over the subject of the nature of Christ's divinity, each faction used hymns to spread its peculiar doctrines.

Luther and Wesley both appreciated the value of hymns in promoting the cause of spiritual religion, and to-day evangelists avail themselves of the aid of a consecrated singer.

Concerning their longevity it may be said that great hymns are immortal. The Church of to-day is singing hymns which were written by the Fathers, and which will probably be sung to the end of time.

To bring to light some of these hidden treasures of hymnody and to show their worth is the purpose of this book. The author hopes that its perusal may lead to a more general and more intelligent use of the best hymns. She would pass on the advice which Schlipalius, a Dresden pastor, gave to his family: "Children, accustom yourselves to God's praise, for that will be our chief occupation throughout eternity; but we must begin here."

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CHAPTER I.

Ancient Hymns of the Church.

The earliest Christian hymns are found in the New Testament. St. Luke records four in the opening chapters of his Gospel. The first, the Magnificat, was sung by Mary when she reached the home of Elizabeth. Not long after Zacharias gave utterance to the Benedictus. The third was the angels' song, and the last was the prayer and prophecy of Simeon when he saw the world's Redeemer. These hymns which clustered about the birth of Christ were prophetic of the character of his religion. Christianity has always been a religion of song. There has scarcely been a century in all its history which has not produced some lyric in honor of its Founder.

The earliest uninspired hymn which has come down to us entire is "Shepherd of tender youth." Clement of Alexandria recorded it in his "Pædagogue." Some think, therefore, that he was the author; others claim, however, that he quoted a hymn already in existence. Whichever theory

is correct, it is quite certain that the hymn was written before the close of the second century.

At that time Rome was still mistress of the world, although her power was beginning to decline. Christianity had been faithfully preached throughout the empire, and the whole number of converts was about two million. The older religions were hostile to the new faith, and tried by every means to prevent its growth. Contempt and slander were their usual weapons, but not infrequently they resorted to open and violent persecution. "Daily," wrote Clement, "martyrs are burned, beheaded, crucified before our eyes." Such was the condition of the world and the Church when this hymn was written. It is a fair sample of all the early Christian hymns. Some one has said of all of them, "They were simply a glorification of Jesus Christ." That is certainly true of this one, for it says:

"Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong."

Although hymns were sung by Christians from the earliest times, they did not form a regular part of the Church service until the third cen-

tury in the East, and the latter part of the fourth century in the West. At the latter time there appeared in France a man who did much to promote the interests of Church music.

His name was Ambrose. His father had been a Roman governor; and he himself was a prefect, noted for wisdom and eloquence. One day in the church at Milan there occurred a riot over the election of bishop. Ambrose went into the pulpit to restore order. A child saw him and exclaimed, "Ambrose is bishop!" The multitude received the cry as a voice from heaven and shouted, "Ambrose is bishop!" In vain he protested, reminding them that he was, as yet, unbaptized. The congregation were deaf to his protests, and unanimously elected him their bishop.

Although chosen in so strange a manner, Ambrose proved an able prelate. He was bold and stern, yet just and kind. The following story illustrates the impartiality of his administration:

During a riot the Thessalonians had killed their governor. In revenge for their lawlessness the Emperor Theodosius had them treacherously murdered while attending a circus. Ambrose was horrified at the atrocity of the deed. He wrote a letter to Theodosius, reproving him and forbidding him to come to the sacrament. The

emperor disregarded the warning, and came the next Sunday. Ambrose met him at the threshold of the church, and exclaimed:

"How darest thou lift to God the hands that drip with blood? How take in them the body of our Lord? Get thee away! Like David thou hast sinned, like David repent. Submit to discipline."

The emperor was forced to submit. He returned home and did penance for eight months. He was readmitted to the communion only after he had established a law, "that no sentence of death should be executed until thirty days after it had been pronounced."

This act of discipline was in accord with the bishop's maxim, "The emperor is in the Church, not over it." Yet Ambrose showed such a spirit that Theodosius afterward said of him that he was the only man he knew who was fit to be bishop. That Ambrose was fit may be judged from the following lines taken from a translation of his morning hymn:

"Curb Thou for us the unruly tongue;
Teach us the way of peace to prize;
And close our eyes against the throng
Of earth's absorbing vanities.

O may our hearts be pure within,
No cherished madness vex the soul;
May abstinence the flesh restrain,
And its rebellious pride control."

If all the bishops of later times had offered such a prayer, the history of the Middle Ages would be quite different.

Ambrose wrote many other hymns, some of which are still extant. The one beginning, "Jesu Redemptor Gentium" was greatly admired by Martin Luther. When he read it he exclaimed, "Now comes the Savior of the heathen."

This bishop also introduced into the West the mode of singing hymns which became known as the Ambrosian Chant. It was antiphonal in character. St. Augustine thus described its effect upon the hearer: "The voices poured in at my ears, the truth was distilled into my heart, and the affection of piety overflowed in tears of joy."

Two centuries later came Gregory the Great. His life and work, which in some respects were similar to those of Ambrose, will be described in a later chapter.

When Jerome of Prague was led to the stake he sang triumphantly:

> "Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say;
> Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!"

This hymn, which strengthened the martyr in his last moments, was written by Venantius Fortunatus in the seventh century. In his youth he was a gay troubadour. His gifts, learning, and good nature made him a welcome guest at all the

castles and courts in France. In later life he entered a monastery, and devoted his powers to the service of religion. In 599 he became Bishop of Poictiers. Change of garb and occupation did not change his disposition. He was the same light-hearted, care-free man that he had been before his conversion.

His hymns have been extensively used and greatly admired by the Church. The one quoted above reflects the spirit of the author in its glad strains. The second stanza,—

> "Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
> All good gifts returned with her returning King:
> Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
> Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now,"—

could hardly have been written by one who saw no beauty in the world.

He wrote also two famous passion hymns; namely, "Spread, my tongue, the wondrous story," and "The royal banner is unfurled." The former is only suitable for use in the Romish Church, but translations of the latter are found in Protestant Hymnals. While they do not have the strength of some hymns, they are in a sweet, flowing meter that is pleasant to the ear.

During the seventh century the Church faced a new danger in the rising power of Mohammed-

anism. It robbed her of Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Spain, Northern Africa, and threatened to take Europe also. At some time during this anxious period, Andrew of Crete sought to arouse his fellow Christians to action by writing the stirring hymn:

"Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss:
Smite them by the virtue
Of the holy cross."

On a cliff, five hundred feet above the River Kedron in Judea, stands the ancient monastery of Mara Saba. Here, in the eighth century, lived three monks, all destined to become famous. One was John of Damascus, the greatest theologian and poet of the Greek Church. His book, "Doctrines of the Orthodox Church," is still considered an authority in the East. He is better known, however, by his Easter Canon. It has been called the "Golden Canon," and the "Queen of Canons." The Greek Church sings it every Easter morning, and the Protestant Church often uses the translation by Dr. Neale:

"The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory."

St. Comas, John's foster-brother, wrote a Christmas hymn, beginning:

"Christ is born, tell forth His fame;
Christ from heaven, His love proclaim."

The other member of the trio was Stephen, John's nephew. He entered the monastery when only ten years old, and remained there sixty years. Although not so great as his uncle, he wrote a lyric which has blessed many hearts. From the country where the original invitation was given comes the hymn:

"Art thou weary? art thou languid?
Art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, said One, and coming,
Be at rest."

Each succeeding stanza contains a question and answer concerning the Savior and His claims. The hymn closes with the comforting lines:

"Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!"

The most prolific of all Greek writers was Joseph the hymnographer. He is said to have written one thousand canons. Two hundred are still in existence.

Although a monk, his life was far from monotonous. He was born in Sicily, but left that island for Africa, and later went to Greece. At Thessalonica he entered a monastery, and became distinguished for his devotion. He was in Constantinople at the beginning of the iconoclastic war. The cause of the image-worshipers received his hearty support, and in their behalf he embarked for Rome. The ship was captured by pirates, and he was taken to Crete, where he served many years as a slave. At length regaining his freedom he returned to Constantinople, where he founded a monastery. Crowds flocked thither attracted by his eloquence, and it became a flourishing community. But Joseph's ardent defense of image-worship excited the emperor's displeasure, and he was banished to Chersonæ. Ignatius secured his recall by the Empress Theodora. She made him keeper of the sacred vessels in the great church at Constantinople. Later, however, he accompanied his friend and patron, Pholitius, into exile. His death occurred in 883.

Judging from his hymns, these misfortunes and hardships did not embitter his spirit. Dr.

Neale gives us the following translation of one of his hymns:

"O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!
The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize."

To the same period as these writers belonged Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans. He was one of the scholars who adorned Charlemagne's court. The following story is told of his hymn for Palm Sunday: After the death of his great patron, the bishop was falsely accused of entering into a conspiracy against King Louis, and was imprisoned in the monastery of Angers. One day, as

the king passed the building on his way to the cathedral, he heard singing. Seven boys who had been trained by Theodulph were chanting:

"All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King."

His majesty was so pleased with the song that he immediately gave Theodulph his freedom.

One of the great hymns of the Church is "Veni Sacer Spiritus." There is much uncertainty as to its authorship, but many critics ascribe it to Robert II, of France. This king was more of a monk than a ruler. It was one of his chief delights to assist in the services of the Church. He was chorister at the cathedral of St. Denis, and used to lead the singing in his crown and robes. Although his worship may have been somewhat formal, this hymn is one of the loveliest in the Latin tongue:

"Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!"

Few characters in Church history are more interesting than St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who flourished in the eleventh century. He belonged to a noble French family. His mother was a woman of rare ability and character, and her son

inherited many of her virtues. Physically he was far from rugged. He had a slight, stooping figure, and pale, hollow cheeks. His hair was thin and white. Contrary to the custom of the times, he wore a beard, which was tinged with red. But writers speak of his "angelic countenance," his "dovelike eyes," and his "benevolent smile." If, like Paul, he was frail in body, like Paul he was mighty in spirit.

He was a Cistercian monk of the severest type. In early manhood he injured himself by his extreme penances and self-inflicted tortures. In later life he rejected the doctrine of penances and discouraged their practice. His ability and piety were so marked that at the early age of thirty he was sent out to found a new monastery. The site selected was a valley called "Wormwood" because it had formerly been the haunt of a band of robbers. Bernard rechristened it "Clairvaux," or "Beautiful Valley." This was the first of a hundred and sixty monasteries founded by St. Bernard. So zealously did he labor for their welfare, and so greatly did they prosper through his efforts, that they were called after him, "Bernardines."

But he was much more than a monk; he was a missionary. One of his first acts upon entering the monastic life was to persuade his brothers and sister to do the same.

He lived during the days of the Crusades. During his childhood the first Crusade had gone to the Holy Land, and founded the kingdom of Jerusalem. After an existence of several decades it was in danger of being conquered by the infidels. Bernard traveled all through Europe urging the princes and bishops to undertake a new crusade which would save the holy places from profanation.

The art of preaching had declined, but Bernard revived it. His appeals were so earnest and eloquent that they won every one to his cause. After hearing his sermons, profligate nobles and worldly ladies would tear strips from his robe and sew them to their own garments in the form of a cross. The people came to look upon him with a reverence almost amounting to awe. They called him the "holiest monk that ever lived" and the "last of the Fathers." It is said that Guilliame, Abbot of St. Thierry, admired him so much that, could he have chosen his lot from all the world had to offer, he would have chosen nothing else than to remain always with that man of God, as his servitor. Hilbert, Bishop of Treves, actually traveled to Rome to ask the pope to relieve him of his charge, that he might spend the rest of his days at Clairvaux with St. Bernard. Bernard's own monks called him father, and he regarded them as his children.

He steadily refused all offers of preferment. He was content to remain an abbot; but it was an abbot with the powers of a pope. Step by step he had risen to the place of superiority. Princes sought his advice, and popes asked his support in a time of conflict. He dictated to kings and reproved bishops. He took a leading part in all the controversies of his day. "No private Churchman ever held a greater personal influence over an age."

He held his power, however, without fawning on officials; he was not the slave of the Church. He rejected many of her erroneous doctrines, and reproved her pernicious practices. In his eyes the images and emblems were no ornaments to the churches. "They divert the minds of the hearers," he said. He condemned the luxurious lives of many of the primates of the Church, and the corruption which had crept into the ecclesiastical government. He did not revere Rome nor regard it as a sacred city.

He was as holy as he was great. Luther said of him, "If ever there was a pious monk who feared God it was St. Bernard, whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all the other monks throughout the globe." He had power and honor, and could have had wealth and office if he had wished them, but he realized that none of these things could satisfy. He wrote:

"Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss which earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again."

It is said that "there is no essential doctrine of the Gospel that he did not embrace with zeal, defend by argument, and adorn by life." In his creed faith was joined with love and holy living. The long hours of worship and meditation were no hardship. He wrote:

"We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!"

Love for Christ seems to have been a passion with him, for in another hymn are these words:

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Savior of mankind."

And again:

"'T is Thee I love, for Thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;

Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the Object of my love.

Insatiate to this Spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against Thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?"

It would seem impossible for such love ever to grow cold, yet Bernard prayed:

"O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!"

His prayer was answered. He died exhorting his companions to abound in good works. His last words were, with tears in his eyes, "I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to be with Christ, which is far better, nevertheless the love of my children urgeth me to remain below."

But not all the people were as pure and devoted as St. Bernard. Those were dark days for the Church. In that very century the sale of indulgences became common. The indulgence was a written statement to the effect that if the buyer repented of his sins and did penance he would be forgiven and would be exempt from punishment in this life and the life to come. Frequently the buyer was not the only one that received the bene-

fits of the forgiveness. His family, and even his descendants shared the forgiveness. Although repentance was always stated as a condition, it was seldom heeded. The corruption and moral degradation which resulted from this practice can hardly be imagined. It even became possible for a man who was plotting evil to buy an indulgence, and then commit the crime. Other great evils crept in, among them simony, or the selling of Church offices to the highest bidder. In short, spiritual wickedness was enthroned in high places. The Vatican itself was no exception.

Under such conditions was it any wonder that another monk, Bernard of Cluny, wrote?—

"The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right."

Or that his thoughts should turn toward heaven, and that he should express his feelings thus?—

"For thee, O dear, dear country
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest."

He goes on describing the beauties of heaven, and at length exclaims:

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed;
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare."

To a man whose only home was a small cell scantily provided with the rudest furniture; whose only occupation was a constant round of ritualistic services relieved by a few hours of manual labor; whose only society was that of the other brethren of his monastery,—to such a man the "social joys" of heaven must have been a delightful prospect. The fact that "Jerusalem the golden" is in all the leading Church Hymnals is proof that its sentiment still appeals to the human heart.

These hymns are taken from a Latin poem of three thousand lines. The meter is so difficult that the author claimed that he had the special inspiration of God while writing it.

We have in our books to-day a song which the Crusaders sang on their way to the Holy Land. Here is the translation of the first stanza. It is beautiful in its simplicity:

"Fairest Lord Jesus
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thee my soul's glory, joy and crown."

Marching through the forests and fields of Europe, the army must have appreciated the imagery of the second stanza:

Fair are the woodlands,
Fair are the meadows,
Clothed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing."

To the thirteenth century belongs the Dies Iræ, "the sublimest Latin hymn of the Church."

All during the Middle Ages Christ's second coming was expected at any time. In the year 1000 the belief that His advent would be soon was so general that men sold their property and gave up their business. This being the case, it was no wonder that the monks dwelt upon it in

their meditations, and made it the subject of some of their hymns. This one calls the Judgment the "Day of Wrath," and pictures the terror with which the day will be attended for the wicked:

"What the fear, what the quaking,
When the Judge His way is taking,
Strictest search in all things making!"

A translator, Dr. Coles, says, "Every line weeps. Under every word and syllable a living heart throbs and pulsates." A large part of the poem is a plea for mercy in view of that day:

"Vengeance, Lord, be then Thy mission;
Now of sin grant free remission
Ere that day of inquisition!"

Dr. Samuel Johnson could not read the hymn without bursting into tears. Hardened sinners have been deeply affected by it. "Indeed it stands alone in its power over the mind." There is another Latin hymn on the Judgment which calls it a day of light, and describes the joys of the righeous. It begins:

"Lo, the day, the day of life,
Day of unimagined light."

There are several hymns which are so ancient that their origin and authorship are lost.

Among these is the "Te Deum Laudamus." Some one has beautifully said, "The Te Deum is the shrine round which the Church has sung her joys for centuries." The ritual of the Roman Catholic Church requires that it be used in the three supreme acts of solemn worship,—the consecration of a bishop, the coronation of a king, and the consecration of a virgin. Three-fourths of the words are Scripture, which gives it more the form of an anthem than of a hymn for congregational singing.

The "Gloria in Excelsis" is the most ancient doxology of the Church. It may have been the angels' song originally, to which the prayer was added. In this form it has been used for ages—perhaps since the first century. The English poet Bede tells us that it has been used by the Oriental, Latin, and Anglican Churches, and that it was introduced into the Latin Church as early as the reign of Hadrian. It is now used in nearly all the Churches in the communion service.

Another hymn deserves mention, and that is the "Veni Creator Spiritus." Who wrote it no one knows. Some authorities claim that it is the work of Gregory the Great; others favor Charlemagne as the author. Whoever wrote it, all agree that it is a great hymn. It was the earliest Pentecostal hymn of the Church, and as such marks the beginning of her worship of the Holy

Spirit as God, after a long contest. "But that battle had rolled away; not even its most distant echoes are heard in the hymn; and the 'Veni Creator Spiritus' is not a battle-song, not even one of victory, but of praise and triumph in the enjoyment of the fruits of victory."

A striking characteristic of the earliest hymns of the Church is that they are songs of Christ. To their writers Christ seems to have been a living person, whom they knew and loved, in whose companionship they delighted, and whose face they could almost see.

CHAPTER II.

Hymns of the Reformation.

THE fate of Protestantism was hanging in the balance. Charles V had come to the throne with the avowed purpose of rooting out the heresy. Before his coronation he sent forth a letter summoning the States of Germany to a Diet at Augsburg. The language of this letter was very conciliatory, as will be seen by the following extract:

"Let us put an end to all discord. Let us renounce our antipathies. Let us offer to our Savior the sacrifice of all our errors. Let us make it our business to comprehend and weigh with meekness the opinions of others. Let us annihilate all that has been said on both sides contrary to right, and let us seek after Christian truth."

The Protestants were not deceived, however; they knew that, little by little, they would be forced to surrender their faith. To prevent this and to strengthen their position, the four great

Protestant theologians, Luther, Melanchthon, Jonas, and Pomeranus, prepared what is known in history as the Confession of Augsburg. It is a document stating what the Protestants believed to be the essential doctrines of faith.

The authors of the Confession asked permission to present it to Charles in person. But John, the Elector of Saxony, at whose request it was prepared, replied:

"God forbid! I also desire to confess my Lord."

Accordingly, he himself started a few days later for Augsburg. No one could tell what the result would be; but all realized the dangers he would encounter. His friends felt very anxious, and general prayers were offered for his safety. In this time of suspense, Martin Luther wrote his great hymn which is a free version of the forty-sixth psalm:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
Did we in our own strength confide,

Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man at our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;

Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle."

The hymn became popular immediately. It was sung in Augsburg before the diet closed. All the Churches in Saxony used it in their services. It comforted and inspired many hearts. Even Luther himself, when especially perplexed, would say to his friend Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm." After Luther's death, Melanchthon and some friends went to Weimar. One day they heard a little girl singing this hymn. Melanchthon, addressing the child, said: "Ye know not what great hearts ye are comforting." The hymn has been called the "Marseillaise of the Reformation." Frederick the Great said, "It is God Almighty's Grenadier March."

Luther wrote several other hymns. One was written in commemoration of the death of the first martyrs of the Reformation. These were Henry Voes and John Esch, young Augustinian monks. They declared their belief that the priest had no power to forgive sins; that it belonged to God alone. When asked to recant, they replied boldly, "We withdraw nothing; we would rather die for the faith."

They were soon given the opportunity. With-

cut wavering, they prayed, repeated the Apostles' Creed, and, as the flames rose around them, sang the "Te Deum Laudamus." This is what Luther says:

"The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing Name."

Luther's Cradle hymn beginning:

"Away in the manger,
No crib for his bed,"

was written for his son Hans. It shows that the intrepid Reformer had a child's heart in his breast.

But Luther did more than write a few hymns. He "gave the German people their hymn-book as well as their Bible." Speaking of music, he said, "I want this beautiful ornament to serve God and His Christian people." To this end he not only wrote hymns himself, but asked others to compose them. He wrote to his friend Spalatin:

"It is my intention, after the example of the fathers, to make psalms for the German people;

that is, spiritual songs, whereby the Word of God may be kept alive among them by singing. We seek, therefore, everywhere for poets. Now, as you are a master of the German tongue, and are so mighty and eloquent therein, I entreat you, join hands with us in this work, and turn one of the psalms into a hymn according to the pattern (*i. e.*, an attempt of my own) which I send you. But I desire all new-fangled words from the court to be left out; that all words should be quite plain and common, such as common people may understand; yet pure and skillfully handled. And next, that the meaning should be given clearly and graciously, according to the sense of the psalm itself."

For music, Luther introduced the folk-songs into the Church service, and substituted them for the Gregorian chants. This change enabled the congregation to join in the singing. He also formed a chorus of singers which met every week at his house.

The result was that sacred music was no longer confined to the Church choir on Sunday and Saints' days. Hymns were now sung in the home, in the field, in the workshop, and on the battlefield. A Romanist impatiently declared, "The whole people is singing itself into the Lutheran doctrine." He was right. The sing-

ing of hymns was a very important means by which the Reform doctrines were spread.

In 1597 a fearful pestilence swept over the province of Westphalia, in Germany. In a short time fourteen hundred people died. Philip Nicolai, who was a pastor in Urma at the time, saw the funeral processions pass his window. He turned away and read St. Augustine's "City of God." Inspired by the reading he wrote the hymn beginning:

"Awake, awake, the night is flying."

One of the immediate results of the Reformation was the Thirty Years' War, which lasted from 1618 to 1648.

On the morning of November 6, 1632, when the Protestant forces were ready for battle, the leader, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, knelt before the line and prayed:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our arms and this day's battle for the glory of Thy holy name."

When he had finished, the soldiers sang "Ein feste Burg," and, as they took up their march:

"Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Fear not, be strong! Your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to Him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on His sword!"

The conflict was severe, and Gustavus fell mortally wounded. His last words were: "I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation. My God, my God,—alas! my poor queen." "Protestant Germany was saved not by her armies or her princes, but by the heart of that one hero given of God." Although dismayed at his death, his army was victorious.

This is the story of the hymn. Many think that Gustavus wrote it himself after his victory at Leipsic, and that his chaplain, Dr. Jacob Fabricius, put it in perfect metrical form. Whether it is his composition or not, it is called the "Battle Hymn of Gustavus Adolphus." It is always sung at the meetings of the Gustavus Adolphus Association. This is a society for the promotion of Protestantism.

"Now thank we all our God," was written near the close of the Thirty Years' War. The author, Martin Rinkart, was the pastor in a small town. His sufferings during the war were almost indescribable. Soldiers were quartered in his house, and his goods were plundered. A terrible

pestilence visited the town, and in one year eight thousand people died. Rinkart buried four thousand himself.

Famine followed the pestilence. Rinkart's house was surrounded with beggars, and he gave away all that he had, saving only the scantiest provision for his own family. He had to mortgage his income for several years in advance in order to clothe them.

At length, when the Swedes imposed a tax of three thousand florins on the province, Rinkart interceded personally with the general, and succeeded in getting it reduced to two thousand florins. No wonder that, when at length there was a prospect of peace, Rinkart wrote:

"Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His earth rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day."

It has been called the German Te Deum, and takes rank only second to Luther's hymn. Frederick the Great's army sang it after the battle of Leuthen, and constantly during the Franco-Prussian War.

Two other men, although they belong to a little later period, may be mentioned in this chapter. They are Paul Gerhardt, of Germany, and Richard Baxter, of England.

The former has been called "the sweet singer of Germany." Although he did not have the struggles of Luther, yet his life was filled with trials and disappointments. He did not receive Holy Orders until late in life. In 1664, King William IV issued an edict requiring the ministers of the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches to abstain from attacking each other in the pulpit. All the beneficed ministers were expected to sign it. Gerhardt refused, and in consequence lost his parish. For some time he was without work or prospect of work. During this time he probably wrote his "Hymn of Trust:"

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.
Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done."

The ground of his confidence is disclosed in the following lines taken from another of his hymns,

"Here I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.
At cost of all I have
At cost of life and limb.
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from Him."

Miss Winkworth, speaking of Gerhardt in her book, "Christian Singers of Germany," says: "His hymns seem to be the spontaneous outpouring of a heart that overflows with love, trust, and praise." The following lines are such an outpouring:

"Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love."

His confidence was rewarded. The Elector of Saxony invited him to become the Archdeacon of Lübben in Saxony. He accepted the position and there spent the last years of his life. "His sermons were full of charity and tenderness, and his conduct consistent and above reproach."

Richard Baxter's life covers nearly the seventeenth century. During the English Revolution he favored the king's cause. But although a Tory in politics he was a Puritan in character. He was a bitter opponent of absolute power and oppression. He was a Nonconformist clergyman of the English Church. His views made him many enemies, both in Church and State. He was accused of heresy, and arrested a number of times. At length, when he was seventy years old, he was brought before the infamous Judge Jeffreys on the charge of sedition and hostility to the episcopacy. He was fined five hundred marks. As he could not pay, he was imprisoned for eighteen months, and then pardoned. He was the author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," which has long been a classic among devotional books. He also wrote the following hymn of personal consecration for himself:

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

There was reform within the Romish Church as well as without. Not all the saints were Protestants. At the very time that Luther was thundering against the abuses of the Church, a devout Roman Catholic was having great success as a missionary in India and Japan. His name was Francis Xavier. He was one of the founders of the Order of Jesuits. Although this society is infamous in history for its persecutions, and is in disfavor at the present time for its political intriguing, yet originally it was a missionary organization. The members pledged themselves to go into some foreign field. Xavier did not carry out his pledge for many years. But finally he sailed for India; and the last years of his life were spent there and in Japan. It is said that he used to go through the streets of the cities where he labored, ringing a bell to call the people to confessional. His success was great, but transient. He baptized multitudes, but their conversion was more a change of religion than a change of heart.

However, Xavier himself was a devout and zealous man, although some of his methods may

be questioned. He wrote the following hymn which reveals a devotion equal to St. Bernard's:

"My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope to gain a heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.
Not from the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my most loving King."

"Jerusalem, my happy home," was also written about this time, and probably by a Roman Catholic. It is worthy to be classed with the "heaven hymns" of Bernard of Cluny.

The hymns of the Reformation and the succeeding period have a stern character. They are apt to be doctrinal and pervaded with severity. But Mrs. Charles says they speak of confidence in God, in trial and conflict. They call Him a Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer.

CHAPTER III.

Watts, Doddridge, and Newton.

For two hundred years the English Churches sang nothing but metrical psalms. The words were usually unpoetic, and the music heavy and slow. These qualities made their rendering very tedious. One day the young Isaac Watts complained of them to his father, and, in the course of the conversation, expressed the opinion that he could write better hymns himself. His father encouraged him to try. He wrote the hymn beginning:

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown."

It was sung in the church the next Sunday. The people were so delighted with it that they asked him to write another. This was the beginning of his life-work. In the next few years he wrote many hymns.

At the age of twenty-four Watts entered the

ministry of the Independent Church, and became one of the greatest preachers of his time. His ideal for sermons was as high as his ideal for hymns. He expresses it thus:

"That is a good sermon which draws my heart nearer to God; which makes the grace of Christ sweeter to my soul, and the commands of Christ easy and delightful; that is an excellent discourse, indeed, which enables me to mortify some unruly sin, to vanquish some strong temptation, and weans me from the enticements of this lower world; which bears me above all the disquietude of this lower life, which fits me for the hour of death, and makes me desirous of appearing before Jesus Christ, my Lord."

In another place he says, "Divine love did not send dreaming preachers to call dead sinners to life." It seems unfortunate that a preacher with such ideals should have a short ministry.

But Watts had injured himself in childhood by overstudy. It is said that he commenced the study of Latin at four years of age, Greek at nine, French at ten, and Hebrew at thirteen. He was so diligent in his application to his work that he did not take proper recreation and rest. The result was that when he reached manhood he was practically an invalid. Most of the work of his parish had to be done by an assistant. After he was thirty-eight he seldom even preached.

But his ill-health did not impair his usefulness. Indeed, it broadened the sphere of his influence. James Montgomery says: "Every Sabbath, in every region of the earth where his native tongue is spoken, thousands and tens of thousands of voices are sending the sacrifices of prayer and praise to God in the strains he prepared for them a century ago."

As metrical versions of the Psalms were the hymns of that time, Dr. Watts founded many of his hymns on the Psalms. Indeed he published a Psalter. Many of the pieces it contained were very ordinary compositions, yet the book, as a whole, was far superior to any previous Psalter. "O God, our help in ages past," was perhaps the greatest piece in the book. The people appreciated the value of this new version of the Psalms, and four thousand copies were sold the first year.

But Watts was too original to confine himself to the Psalms. He said: "What need is there that I should wrap up the shining honors of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a religion forever abolished?" So, long before he published his Psalter, he published a volume called "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." It was the first attempt ever made in England to supersede the Psalter. Consequently it met with bitter opposition. Devout persons regarded it as sacrilegious to sing uninspired hymns. For nearly thirty years his best hymns were excluded from

the Church services. The people called them "Watts's Whims." Some congregations were actually split because of their introduction. But the day was coming when their merits would be appreciated. When that time did come, the English Churches were as prejudiced in favor of Watts as they had previously been bitter in opposition. For a century his were the only hymns sung in the Independent Churches. Indeed, it is said that if a hymn by another author was announced, some of the congregation would sit down, taking that way to express their disapproval.

To-day few Christmas hymns are more popular than

"Joy to the world! the Lord is come."

To the pessimist who is always insisting that the world is growing worse, the Church might well reply in the language of the last stanza:

"He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love."

He *makes* them prove it.

His missionary hymn stands second only to Heber's. It was probably never sung under more

impressive circumstances than on Whitsunday, 1862. The natives of Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji had recently received a charter exchanging their heathen government for a Christian one. On this particular day five thousand natives met under a banyan-tree and sang:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run."

Then, in truth, did

"The princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word."

It is said that when Commodore Perry's fleet was in the Japanese Harbor, ngotiating the treaty of 1854, the crew sang at Divine worship,—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy."

Dr. Watts's hymns are filled with invitations to worship. Here are a few:

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;"

and,

"Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;"

and,

"Let all on earth their voices raise,
To sing the great Jehovah's praise,
And bless His holy name."

Once again,

"Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known."

These examples might be multiplied indefinitely. The author had evidently tasted the joys of Christianity. His masterpiece is in quite a different vein. Yet only one who truly worshiped could write:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

It is a hymn of meditation and consecration. In the last stanza he says:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

In this stanza the author makes a striking comparison between the value of the human soul and

that of "the whole realm of nature." The hymn is one of the finest in the language. Some authorities consider it one of the best ten; others place it among the first six.

Dr. Watts never married. He loved a gifted young woman; but when he proposed marriage, she replied that "while she admired the jewel, she could not admire the casket that held it." Soon afterwards Watts wrote a hymn which he entitled, "Love to the creature dangerous." It reveals both the bitterness of the disappointment and the completeness of his triumph over it. Here are a few selected lines:

"Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds
And leave but half for God!
My Savior, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

During the lonely years that followed he had a friend in Sir Thomas Abney, under whose hospitable roof he spent the last thirty-six years of his life.

It is a singular fact that a man who never had children of his own should be the first one to write hymns for children. Yet Dr. Watts's

"Divine and Moral Songs" was the first of its kind. It was written for Sir Thomas's children, and contained the famous songs:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,"

and,

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

The cradle song beginning,

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,"

was the best piece in the collection.

Although famous in their day most of these pieces are only memories now.

In general, Dr. Watts's hymns are characterized by stateliness and majesty. They are solemn, and yet glad; ardent, and yet grand. "They lean rather to a reverential faith than a penitential fear."

The following story is told of how he replied to a man who reflected on his personal appearance, which was insignificant. One day, when he was in a coffee-house, some one asked incredulously, "Is that the great Dr. Watts?" Watts heard him and replied:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind 's the standard of a man."

His soul was great.

At length, after seventy-four years of service, he was called to join the choir above. The frail, worn-out body was laid to rest in Bunhill, a Puritan cemetery in London, where Daniel Defoe and John Bunyan were already buried.

Christians of all denominations united in raising a monument to him at Southampton, which had been his home. His bust has a place among the immortal poets in the British Museum, "where it commands larger respect than the busts of kings." But perhaps his greatest monument is his hymns, and his chief honor, to be the recognized founder of modern hymnody.

Philip Doddridge came soon after Watts, and imitated his style. Yet there are marked differences. His hymns lack the grandeur of Watts's, but they "reflect the wide sympathy and gentle, unaffected goodness of their author." Instead of expressing joy in worship, they express joy in service, as witness:

"My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'T is my delight Thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend."

Duty was no irksome task—

"How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!"

Again,

"'T is to my Savior I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at His side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, His saving power."

When care and sorrow did weigh upon him, he meditated upon the providence of God, and came to this conclusion:

"His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I 'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away."

These lofty ideals were no mere sentiment with him. Although very delicate, he was accustomed to awake at five o'clock in the morning and sing:

"Awake, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the heavy chain that binds
Thine active faculties."

When he reached the stanza,

"Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace,
As, rising, now I seal my vows
To prosecute Thy ways,"

he would leave his bed and prepare for his day's work. By beginning the day thus he kept the intention expressed in the stanza:

"High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

He was a minister of the Independent Church. In addition to his pastoral cares, he assumed, in 1729, the presidency of a Theological Institute of two hundred students. He appreciated the responsibilities of his position. Some one has said:

"Seldom has there been a more laborious or conscientious life than that of Doddridge. To serve his Divine Master was the ruling principle of his heart, and to the advancement of the sacred cause he brought all the energies of an active mind, and all the stores of an almost boundless knowledge, daily to bear. Many students resorted to him from all parts of the kingdom, and amongst these not a few rose to distinction, not among Dissenters only, but among the Estab-

lished Churches of England and Scotland, in America, and even in Holland."

Concerning the sacred calling Doddridge wrote:

"Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands."

Although Doddridge enjoyed his work, the strain proved too much for his strength. While yet in the prime of life his health failed, and he was sent by his friends to Lisbon, in the hope that he would improve. However, he died there in 1751, aged forty-nine years. He was ready and anxious to go. Even years before, he had written to his wife:

"It is pleasant to read; pleasant to compose; pleasant to converse with friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to go out and preach the Gospel to poor souls that are hungry for it, and some dying without it; pleasant on week-days to think how near another Sabbath is; but O, how much more

pleasant to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven!"

Two other hymns of his ought to be mentioned:

"Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes,"

is considered really his greatest hymn. In it one recognizes Dr. Watts's influence. It is interesting to know that his hymn,

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy children still are fed,"

was a favorite with David Livingstone, the explorer. He learned it in childhood, and while traveling in Africa often read it aloud. Afterwards when his body was brought to England and interred in Westminster Abbey, this hymn was sung at the funeral.

John Newton had a more varied career than either Watts or Doddridge, yet he served the Church in a similar way. He had a devout mother, who early dedicated him to the Christian ministry. When he was four years old she began to train him for his future work. But after only three years she died, and he was left to follow his own way. At eleven he went to sea with his father. His surroundings were detrimental to his character. He became very profane and

wicked. As a result of reading a skeptical book he became an infidel. When about eighteen a press-gang seized him and placed him on the Harwich man-of-war. In time he rose to the position of midshipman. But while the ship lay in Plymouth Harbor, England, he deserted. He was soon caught, however, and treated with such severity that he was glad to be exchanged to a merchantman. The next few years were black ones in his history. The vessel visited the coast of Africa. While there he left it, and hired himself to a slave-trader. His employer abused and neglected him until he was reduced to pitiful straits. At one time he was on the coast of Africa several months without seeing a single white face. It was at this time that he gained the epithet "African Blasphemer." He said afterwards, "I know not that I ever met so daring a blasphemer." But in spite of his wickedness he cared for education. He studied Euclid, and later taught himself Latin.

On a voyage back to England he began to read Thomas á Kempis to pass the time. The thought came to him, "What if these things should be true?" That night there was a fearful storm, and the ship was in peril. Newton was thoroughly awakened. He says: "I began to pray. I could not utter the prayer of faith. I could not draw near to a reconciled God and call

Him Father. My prayer was like the cry of the raven which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear." He began to study the New Testament. The Parable of the Prodigal Son was a favorite passage, it was so suited to his own case. By the time he reached England he was a changed man. For four years more, however, he engaged in the slave business through ignorance. But when he became more enlightened he gave it up. After some difficulty and delay he became a minister in the Established Church. Thus his mother's prayer was answered after a lapse of thirty-five years and a career of evil.

While he was pastor at Olney he formed a warm friendship with the poet, William Cowper. Together they published a book called "Olney Hymns." Newton said that his hymns, which were by far the greater number, were "the fruit and expression of his own experience." For instance he described his own conversion thus:

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood."

He goes on describing how he was convicted of sin and freely forgiven, and then says:

"Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too."

Grace was one of his favorite themes. He wrote in one place:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home."

It is said that, while preaching, he would often lean forward on his desk and say with emphasis: "I never doubted the power of God to save the heathen since he saved me." Newton never tired of singing the praise of the Name he had once blasphemed. Listen:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!"

Again:

"As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed."

Once again:

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice."

The entire hymn contrasts the gloom of Christ's absence with the joy of His presence. The author had been forgiven much, therefore he loved much.

Newton preached regularly three times a week even after he was eighty years old. On account of the infirmities of age his friends tried to persuade him that his work of preaching was done. He replied: "What! shall the old African Blasphemer stop while he can speak?" But his earthly ministry was almost over. He died in 1807, having preached the Gospel over forty years.

CHAPTER IV.

Charles Wesley.

In 1790, when Jesse Lee came to New England for the purpose of introducing Methodism, he stood under the Old Elm, on Boston Common, and sang:

> "Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
> Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
> Ye need not one be left behind,
> For God hath bidden all mankind."

In this hymn the author, Charles Wesley, struck the keynote of the Wesleyan Revival. It was the proclamation of a salvation for all, that stirred English society to its very depths, that transformed whole communities, and that finally gave birth to Methodism.

The Wesleys had been reared in the Established Church. Their father, Samuel Wesley, was for many years rector of the Church at Epworth, and there Charles was born in 1708. He

was not a precocious youth, but was "exceedingly sprightly and active, and so remarkable for courage and skill in juvenile encounters that he afterwards obtained at Westminster, the title of 'Captain of the school.'"

He received a careful training at the hands of his remarkable mother, Susannah Wesley. It is said that she had a personal talk with each of her children on the subject of religion once a week. Charles's turn came on Saturday evening. Some of the regulations of the household sound very strict to our ears. For instance, the children were only allowed to cry under their breath. Another one was, that in addressing each other the children should always place "brother" or "sister" before the proper name. Adam Clarke says of them, that "they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln."

While still a youth Charles's character was severely tested. An Irish nobleman by the name of Garrett Wesley made his acquaintance, and wished to adopt him, and make him his heir. Charles appealed to his father to help him decide; but his father refused. Charles decided, finally, to decline the offer. He was destined to belong to a higher nobility. The one who was taken in his stead became the ancestor of the Duke of Wellington, of Waterloo fame.

In view of Charles's future, it is interesting to read that his father, on his death-bed, repeatedly laid his hand upon his son's head and said, "Be steady; the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not."

Wesley was a very devout young man. While a student in Oxford he and a few companions formed the "Holy Club." The object of this organization was to quicken the spiritual life of its members. They not only spent much time in meditation, prayer, and other religious duties, but they did much charitable work. They visited the prisons, taught the children of the poor, and ministered to the sick. This systematic work was probably what gained for them the name of "Methodists." Charles was the first to receive the epithet.

In 1735, when John Wesley went to Georgia, Charles went with him. For a year the brothers labored most earnestly for the conversion of the Indians, but the mission proved a failure. Discouraged at the result, and ill at ease, Charles returned to London in 1736. He had found that neither mysticism, philanthropy, nor even missionary zeal, could satisfy soul-hunger.

Craving he knew not what, he went to several of his friends when he reached London. They were devout men, but were not able to help

him for some time. At length, however, on the twenty-first of May he received peace.

The testimony of the great Hebrew hymn-writer might well have been that of Charles Wesley, "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God." Up to this time Wesley had written very few hymns, but from this time until his death, "his facility for poetic expression never failed." As a result, the rest of David's prediction was verified: "Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." Perhaps Wesley's first hymn after his conversion was,—

"And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?"

It is without doubt a description of his own experience. No one who had not felt the joys of conversion could write so graphic an account of the change as is contained in the fourth stanza:

"Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee."

Every line of the hymn throbs with the joy, love, and wonder of a new convert.

Not long after this he received the living of Isingham; but his earnestness and zeal soon offended his parishioners, and he was forcibly driven from the Church.

He now entered upon his life-work. His preparation was admirable. He had a strong body, a trained mind, and a consecrated heart. He knew whom he had believed, and he declared Him unto others. The Church doors having been closed against him, he preached wherever he could,—in private houses, on the streets, and in the fields. For several years he traveled almost constantly, visiting nearly every part of England and Wales. He had many thrilling experiences. He was waylaid by robbers, attacked by mobs, exposed in storms, and threatened by opponents. Yet he went on tirelessly,

> "To serve the present age,
> My calling to fulfill—"

That was the purpose, the ambition, the ruling passion of his life.

In all their work, he and his brother John insisted upon two great truths. First, that salvation was free to all; second, that every one might know that he was saved. These were revolutionary doctrines. The former was diametrically opposed to Calvinism, which was the popular creed

in England at that time, and which taught that salvation was for the elect only. The latter had long been forgotten in the formalism of the Established Church. These heresies, as many considered them, were the cause of much opposition. Many very good people, through ignorance or prejudice, regarded the work with disfavor, and sought to hinder it. But persecution did not silence the reformers. In one troublous time Charles wrote,—

> "Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
> And publish abroad His wonderful name;
> The name all-victorious of Jesus extol:
> His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all,"—

and inscribed it, "To be sung in a tumult."

But he devoted himself chiefly to the lower classes,—prisoners, miners, and outcasts. It was for them he labored and suffered, and they heard him gladly. Why should they not? His message was,—

> "The year of jubilee is come!
> Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

But he not only wrote hymns of general invitation and helpfulness; he also wrote them for the use of special classes for whom he labored. For criminals condemned to death he wrote this humble plea:

"We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed."

He had great success among the Kingswood colliers. They were very ignorant and desperately wicked. After a revival in which many were converted, Wesley wrote for their use,—

"Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,
Called us to stand before His face,
And raised us unto Abrah'm's sons.

The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel-day
In Jesus' lovely face displayed."

It was among these people that the custom of observing watch-night originated. In the old days they had been used to spending their Saturday nights in the ale-house; but after their conversion they spent the night in prayer. The first meeting was held December 31, 1740, at the suggestion of James Rogers, a fiddler, and a leader in their former revels. The zealous converts held a watch-night meeting once a month at first; later, once a quarter; and finally, once a year. For their use on such occasions Wesley wrote two hymns:

"How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow Thee!
Whose hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer;"

and, referring to their former customs,

"Oft have we passed the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth;
The creature was our sole delight,
Our happiness the things of earth;
But O, suffice the season past,
We choose the better part at last!"

The imagery of Wesley's hymns was often suggested by his surroundings.

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!"

was written for the Newcastle colliers, and the figure was probably suggested by the great fires which they used, and which illuminated all the region round, even on a dark night.

In his work among the people, Wesley became acquainted with all phases of heart experience, and they all find expression in his hymns, from the trembling sinner who says,

"Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

to the triumphant saint who shouts,

"O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

Wesley himself lived in such a spiritual atmosphere,—on the mountain-top of Christian experience. Consequently he took loftier flights than were possible to those who dwelt on the plain. Sometimes the spirit of the Fathers seemed to animate him. St. Bernard, with all his love and longing, did not excel Wesley's cry,—

"O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me."

Nor did any medieval recluse have a more unworldly ambition than is revealed in the following lines:

"Then let us sit beneath His cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

Such language is beyond the comprehension of ordinary Christians. But before they judge

the author extravagant, they should consider that Wesley had more than simply a deep religious experience and an emotional nature. His whole time, thought, and strength were devoted to direct religious work. He did not have even a secular occupation to divide his attention. There is another of his hymns which every one can appreciate and love.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,"

is one of the greatest hymns of the Church. It has comforted multitudes in danger or distress. He wrote another hymn which is not sung so often, but which ranks higher as a literary production. It is founded on the story of Jacob's struggle with the angel at Peniel, and represents the soul's struggle and victory. It begins:

"Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but can not see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee:
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."

A little later he cries out:

"In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the Man that died for me?

The secret of Thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know."

His determination to know "the name" increases with the growing intensity of the struggle:

"What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

At length comes the shout of victory:

"'T is Love! 'T is Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love Thou art:
To me, to all, Thy bowels move;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

Dr. Watts so admired this lyric that he said it alone "was worth all he himself had ever written."

Wesley's marriage hymns have a peculiar charm. One of them, "Come, Thou everlasting Lord," was sung at his own wedding.

In 1742, Susannah Wesley died. Just before she lost consciousness, she said to those gathered

at her bedside, "As soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." They did as they were bidden and sang,

"Blessing, honor, thank and praise,"

a hymn which Charles had written for such an occasion. Three years later he published a hymn which he had written as a eulogy on his sainted parents. It is founded on St. John's description of the company of heaven and contains this stanza:

"Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among His own,
God doth in His saints delight."

All Wesley's funeral and judgment hymns take high rank. "Instead of dirges they are songs of triumph." He said, "The Church which suffers with Christ here, and the Church which reigns with Him there, shall all be gathered into one temple." With that feeling he wrote,—

"Rejoice for a brother deceased,
Our loss is his infinite gain;"

and,

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise;"

and once again,

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
'This earth,' he cries, 'is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven.'"

The Cornish miners were devoted adherents of the Wesleys. They held their funerals in the evening, and were accustomed to sing on their way to the burial the first of these hymns, and, as they gathered about the grave, the second one.

John Wesley preached the funeral sermon of George Whitefield. When it was published, the following hymn by Charles Wesley was appended:

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

Wesley's greatest judgment hymn is undoubtedly

"Lo! He comes, with clouds descending."

It has been called "The English Dies Iræ."

"Stand the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!"

was written at a time when England was shaken by earthquake shocks. The people were very much alarmed and believed that the end of the world was near. A story is told of Charles Wesley which illustrates his fortitude in this anxious time. One morning he was just beginning to preach, when a shock occurred which rocked the building where the people were assembled. The audience was frantic with terror, but Wesley repeated with perfect calmness: "Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." It was the same spirit that breathed in this judgment hymn. James Montgomery called it "one of the most daring and victorious flights of the author." Robert Southey considered it "the finest lyric in the English language."

These are only a few of the hymns which won for their author the first place among hymn-writers. "Isaac Watts was the founder of the choir, but in it Charles Wesley had the noblest voice." There is his Christmas hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing;" and his easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," both of them great lyrics. There is "Arise, my soul, arise," which has always been a favorite

with the Methodist Church. "Christ, whose glory fills the skies," also deserves honorable mention. The list might be extended indefinitely. He wrote about seven thousand hymns, and "no one who has written so much ever wrote so well." Many have ascribed their superiority to genius. That is only half the truth. It was genius fired by the consciousness of present and perfect salvation. He wrote out of his own experience; therefore his hymns will live as long as the Church sings.

At last, after fifty years of most arduous service, he was called to sing in the heavenly choir. Just a few days before his death he dictated his last hymn:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"

Neither in life nor death did he receive any national honors. He was buried in Marylebone churchyard, and the following epitaph, written by himself for a friend, was placed on his tombstone:

"With poverty of spirit blest,
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest.

A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,
Redeemed from earth to reign in heaven,
Thy labors of unwearied love,
Forgot by thee, are crowned above,—
Crowned, through mercy of thy Lord,
With a full, free, immense reward."

As it was said of Abel of old, so it might be said of Charles Wesley, "he being dead yet speaketh," through his hymns.

CHAPTER V.

Titled Hymn-Writers.

THERE is in Westminster Abbey a tombstone which bears the inscription, "In the cross of Christ I glory." It marks the resting-place of an English nobleman, Sir John Bowring.

He was a man of marked ability. He spoke twenty-two languages fluently, and could converse in one hundred. He was a prolific writer, and the first editor of the *Westminster Review.*

In 1843 he entered Parliament. While a member of that body, he advocated extreme liberal measures. As a statesman he served his country in various ways. In 1854 the queen knighted him, and made him governor of Hong-Kong. Later he became vice-admiral and superintendent of trade, east of the Ganges. In the course of his political career he concluded treaties with Holland, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Sweden.

His success was due largely to his industry. He was an indefatigable worker. Whenever his

friends remonstrated with him he would reply, "I must do my work while life is left to me; I may not long be here."

He was an enthusiast in whatever he did. This applies as much to his religious as to his secular life. Although a Unitarian in creed, "he was sincere in faith and evangelical in life." His real devotion is shown in his hymns. Speaking of them he said: "These hymns were not written in pursuit of fame or literary triumph. I have not tried to be original, but to be useful is my first ambition. That obtained, I am indifferent to the rest." With this high motive he wrote,—

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

It is not surprising that a man who wrote early in life,—

"God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is Love,"—

should in extreme old age begin nearly every day with a new song of adoration and praise.

But his religion was practical as well as devotional. Nearly every reform received his warm

support. He was particularly interested in prison reform. He was also interested in young men. It was his delight to start them in an honest and suitable occupation, and then say to them: "You are now launched. Your fortune rests with yourself. I trust that, by steadiness and diligence, you will give credit to my recommendation."

Another nobleman, Sir Henry W. Baker, valued the cross above all earthly treasure, for he wrote:

"O what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross."

The litany, beginning

"Savior, when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;"—

was written by Sir Robert Grant. At an age when many young peers lead a gay, wild life, he wrote sacred lyrics noted for their solemnity and humility.

Later he entered Parliament, became a member of the privy council, and for the last four years of his life was governor of Bombay. While in Parliament he introduced a bill to remove the disabilities of the Jews.

He evidently looked upon nature with a reverent eye, for he wrote in one of his hymns,—

"O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain."

He wrote another hymn on nature and revelation which he intended as a counterpart of Addison's celebrated ode. It is interesting to compare the two, stanza by stanza. Addison's hymn begins

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

Grant replies:

"The starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to Thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as Thy written Word."

Addison says again:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

Grant replies again:

"Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;

But, fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away."

His unfaltering confidence in Christ as an ever-present Helper is expressed in his hymn which begins

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain."

Happy Bombay, to have so devout a governor!

The Countess of Huntingdon once expressed gratitude that the Bible said, "Not many noble are called," rather than "not any;" for in the latter case she would have been excluded. She was an ardent friend of the Wesleyan Revival. She

moved in high life. Her home was the resort of many of the most fashionable and aristocratic persons in the kingdom. They did not care for religion more than to make a very formal profession, but the countess was deeply spiritual, and took an intense interest in all religious and philanthropic work. When the evangelists needed halls and chapels, she sold her jewels to provide them. It is said that she built sixty-four chapels. At her suggestion, England was divided into six districts, and each district provided with a missionary whose duty it was to preach in every city, town, and village. George Whitefield became one of her chaplains.

She not only gave money, but engaged personally in the work of the revival. She even approached some of her aristocratic associates on the subject of religion. Her advances were not always received with favor. One woman felt insulted, and wrote her a rude reply. But the countess was not discouraged. She turned to the common people, and was more successful. Years afterwards a workman confessed that he was led to Christ through overhearing a conversation between another workman and the countess on the other side of the wall.

Although a member of a noble family, and surrounded by wealth and fashion, the countess was humble in spirit, as her hymn proves:

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?"

She was not afraid to die when the end came. She said simply, "My work is done; I have nothing to do but to go unto my Father," and passed quietly away.

Sir Edward Denny published a small volume of hymns, some of which are very beautiful. The Church will not soon forget such hymns as these:

"What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!"

and,

"Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;"

and,

"Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day."

Count Zinzendorf must be reckoned among the truly great of the earth. He was the son of a Saxon statesman, and inherited both wealth and power. However, he cared more for religion than for position. His piety manifested itself early. While yet a child he wrote little notes to Jesus, and threw them out of the window with the expectation that, in some way, they would reach Him.

A few years later, when away at school, his teacher, the celebrated Francke, said of him, "That youth will some day become a great light in the Church." Zinzendorf studied law, but spent his spare time on theology and hymn-writing.

When thirty years old he gave up all secular duties and devoted himself to missionary work. He knew what it meant when he wrote,—

"Lo, all we are to Thee we give;"

and in another hymn,—

"Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucified."

As the apostle of the United Brethren, he traveled in Switzerland, Germany, England, and

America. On one of his voyages from the West Indies to England he wrote:

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The practical side of his religion was revealed when, although in feeble health, he surrendered his state-room to a Portuguese Jew who begged to be taken on board. His hymn beginning

"Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won,"

is the first hymn taught to the children in almost every German household.

There were spiritual as well as temporal lords among the hymn-writers.

Every one has sung the doxology,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

But comparatively few are acquainted with the author, Thomas Ken. He is well worth knowing. His fearlessness reminds one of John the Baptist. He was chaplain, first to the Princess Mary at The Hague, and afterwards to Charles II, of England. He reproved that monarch

boldly for his vices. He was equally fearless in refusing to obey the king's command when it violated his conscience. When Charles asked him to give up his house to Nell Gwynne, an actress of low reputation, he promptly declined. The king was not angry. When the bishopric of Bath and Wells was vacant, His Highness asked, "Where is the little man that would not give poor Nell a lodging?" and gave the see to Ken. Thus he fared better than the Baptist. However, his refusal to read the "Royal Declaration" resulted in his spending several days in the Tower.

There was also a gentle side to the bishop's nature. His sermons were neither harsh nor bitter. He tried to win his hearers, not repel them. He was a great lover of sacred music. He was a skillful player on the lute, and played at musical societies. When he retired from active work he gave all his property to Lord Weymouth, who allowed him eighty pounds a year. The only things the bishop reserved for himself were his horse, his lute, and his Greek Testament. It is said that the Greek Testament would open of its own accord to the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

The doxology is a part of his evening hymn, written for the students in Winchester College. Although he never feared man, he did fear God; so he wrote:

"Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day."

At his own request, Ken was buried under the last window of the chancel of the church at Frome just as the sun was rising. Macaulay said of him: "The moral character of Ken, when impartially reviewed, sustains comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach, as nearly as human frailty permits, to the ideal of Christian perfection."

To Bishop Reginald Heber belongs the distinction of being the only hymn-writer whose hymns are every one in common use. This is quite remarkable he wrote fifty-seven. His poetic talent developed early. While yet a student in Oxford he wrote a poem called "Palestine." When it was read at the Annual Commencement, there was such an ourburst of applause as perhaps never greeted an Oxford student. The young author was missed at the close of the exercises, and was not seen until his mother found him in his room kneeling in prayer.

His hymns are polished and of a high literary quality, but were not written for effect. The author says: "No fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erratic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory ill understood, and worse applied."

Perhaps Alfred Tennyson was a little extravagant when he declared that Heber's hymn, beginning

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"

was the finest hymn ever written in any language. Yet when one considers that the primary thought of a hymn is an ascription of worship and adoration, he must acknowledge that this is a very perfect one. According to St. John, the inhabitants of heaven are continually saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Indeed the whole hymn seems to be founded on the apostle's description of heaven, as contained in the fourth chapter of Revelation. Heber's Christmas hymn, beginning,

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,"

is one of the most familiar and popular of its class.

In 1818 he lost his only child. While under the shadow of this bereavement he wrote the hymn:

"Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom."

The story of his missionary hymn is almost too familiar to repeat. He wrote it in only a few minutes one Saturday afternoon, at the request of his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley. When he had finished the first three stanzas he submitted them for criticism. Dr. Shipley was pleased, but Heber himself was not satisfied. He took the manuscript again and added the last stanza which even calls upon nature to spread the good tidings.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign."

The hymn was sung the next day in connection with a collection for the "Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." It has since become *the* missionary hymn of the Church.

Several years later he went to "India's coral strand" as the Bishop of Calcutta. For four years he traveled his diocese, which embraced British India, Mauritius, Ceylon, and Australia, and then died in the prime of his powers. "A prince and a great man had fallen in Israel."

Many a troubled heart has been comforted by the hymn

> "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead Thou me on."

John H. Newman wrote the hymn out of his personal experience; perhaps that is the reason of its power.

He was returning from a trip in the Orient. He was very anxious to reach England, but was constantly delayed. In Palermo he was taken so ill with a fever that his servant thought he would die. Newman protested, exclaiming, "I shall not die, I shall not die; for I have sinned against light!" He started again before he was really able, giving as his only reason that he had work to do in England. He was exasperated because he had to wait three weeks for a vessel. At length he took passage in an orange boat bound

for Marseilles. Soon after sailing, the ship was becalmed for a week. It was at this point, when everything seemed against him that he wrote the hymn. May not the circumstances give a new, and perhaps literal, meaning to the lines?—

"The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

He did finally reach England in safety.

Newman was the leader of the High-Church party in England. Twelve years later he left the Established Church and entered the Romish fold. He became quite eminent, and in 1879 was made cardinal by Leo XIII.

In general these hymns breathe a spirit of great humility. They reveal the inward greatness of their authors, not the outward rank.

CHAPTER VI.

Hymns in Literature.

The poets as a class have not been hymn-writers. Yet there are exceptions.

John Milton gave the Church paraphrases of several of the Psalms. He wrote one of them,

> "Let us with a gladsome mind,
> Praise the Lord, for He is kind,"

when he was fifteen years of age. Another was written in 1648. At that time England was in the throes of civil war. For half a century she had suffered under the oppression and tyranny of two monarchs, James I and Charles I, and now she had arisen in arms to assert her rights. The Puritans, who represented the cause of the people, were most strict in their morals. To them the loose life at the court was abhorrent. When they came into power, they ruled England with a rod of iron, morally as well as politically.

To this party Milton belonged, and to it he gave his most hearty sympathy and vigorous support. Perhaps he had these political conditions in mind when he wrote:

"The Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps can not err;
Before Him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men."

"The Dying Christian to his Soul" is the work of Alexander Pope. It adds significance to the ode when one knows that the author was a hunch-back and a lifelong invalid:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

A number of our hymns were not written to be used as such, but were imbedded in literature. Those of Joseph Addison were appended to his essays in the *Spectator*. While he was traveling along the coast of Italy his ship encountered

a severe storm. The passengers thought they were lost, and the captain confessed his sins to a Capuchin friar who was on board. During this crisis Addison wrote:

"How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.
When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save."

It was published several years later in the *Spectator* at the close of his essay on "The Sea." It is called "The Traveler's Hymn."

His thoughts often dwelt on the providence of God. As a natural result, "the feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude." He wrote in one hymn:

"When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise."

In his paraphrase of his favorite Psalm he wrote:

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend."

Such meditations doubtless increased the natural cheerfulness of his disposition. He always looked on the bright side of life, and was an optimist in the truest sense of the word. In his essays he tried to win men to virtue by making it look attractive. Vice, on the other hand, was made to appear ridiculous and offensive. His method was eminently successful. Macaulay says, "So effectively, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that since his time the open violation of decency has always been considered among us the sure mark of a fool."

Addison was a statesman as well as an essayist. He held several public offices, and finally became Secretary of State. Through all his pub-

lic life he kept himself remarkably free from the besetting sins of politicians. "Faction itself could not deny that . . . his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that in the utmost heat of controversy his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman."

His death was as serene as his life had been. As the end was approaching, he sent for his son-in-law, the Earl of Warwick. When that nobleman came to his bedside, Addison said to him, "See in what peace a Christian can die!"

Hymnody is enriched by the contributions of William Cowper. The story of the poet is a sad one. During the greater part of his life he was subject to attacks of melancholia and insanity. He was painfully timid, and had a great desire to be alone. This, with his love for nature, led him to secluded spots for prayer and meditation. Soon after his conversion he wrote:

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee."

It is said that William Wilberforce, the English Abolitionist, repeated this hymn every morning while he was contesting the election of York. A politician who is actuated by that spirit is reasonably safe from worldly ambition. Cowper wrote the tender hymn:

"Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no wall confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee when they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home."

Although very devout, it was his misfortune to dwell in continual gloom. He wrote

"O for a closer walk with God!"

and went on to lament his own backslidings and the consequent withdrawal of the Spirit. Yet his intimate friend, John Newton, said of him, "No one ever walked closer to God than Cowper."

Sometimes the cloud lifted, and his mind had a season of "clear shining." Then he sang more hopefully. It is he who gave the Church that hymn on the atonement,

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

This is one of the great hymns of the Church. The third stanza is an inspiring expression of faith in "the eternal redemption."

"Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more."

In 1870 Mr. Ira Sankey sang this hymn while leading the singing at a Young Men's Christian Association meeting in Indianapolis. Mr. Moody was in the audience, and was attracted to the singer. This led to their association in evangelistic work.

Tradition says that once, in a fit of insanity, Cowper tried to commit suicide, but was prevented. Afterwards he regarded the deliverance as providential, and wrote:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

This is one of the finest hymns there is on God's providence. Montgomery says it is "a lyric of high tone and character, and rendered awfully interesting by the circumstances under which it was written, in the twilight of departing reason."

Long after Cowper's death, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning visited his grave, and wrote a poem to his memory. In it she pays a high tribute to the poet's usefulness in spite of his terrible affliction. Here is a stanza:

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing.
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging;
O men! this man in brotherhood
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while you were smiling."

John Keble was more a sacred poet than a hymn-writer. His great work, "The Christian Year," passed through ninety-six editions during his lifetime. Yet he was so modest that he had not wanted it published until after his death, and only consented to have it otherwise on condition

that it should be published anonymously. From this book most of his hymns are taken. His evening hymn,

"Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear,"

is perhaps the best known, but its companion-piece for morning use is equally fine. It begins:

"New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought."

The author was a humble parish rector. He did not desire any higher position. But he was an ideal pastor. Some one has said of his work, "His was truly a ministry of consolation and cheering." He had consideration for all the special circumstances of each person under his charge. Among his special cases was a deaf and dumb cripple who could read the motions of Keble's lips. Therefore Keble visited him often, talked with him long, and prepared examples for him to do during his absence. Keble visited the almshouse, and made friends with the old men who lived there. He persuaded them to attend the services and sit on the front benches. Then, during the second lesson, he addressed them especially, reading the passage slowly and with pauses, so they could understand.

Thus he himself trod "the daily round" and performed "the common task." That there were both "treasures" and "sacrifices" in such a life no one can doubt. But for his book his name would probably have been unknown to posterity.

In "Ivanhoe," Sir Walter Scott puts an original hymn into the mouth of Rebecca the Jewess. In her prison chamber, the evening after her trial, she sings:

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame."

The prayer contained in the last two stanzas is not unworthy of Christian utterance:

"Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!"

In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the poet has introduced a brief but beautiful translation of the "Dies Iræ." The monks chant it as a mass for the dead. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, says that the poet made it his own dying prayer. In

that hour he could find no better words to express his longings than

"Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

After his death, Mrs. Felicia Hemans wrote a poem for his funeral. At the close of the poem occurs a hymn which several Churches have added to their hymn-books. The poem speaks of human honor and pride; the hymn confesses human weakness and dependence:

"Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine."

She wrote several other hymns and most of them contain a minor strain. The author had evidently suffered, but as Rossetti says, "It was suffering without abjection." She died while yet in her prime, and her friends took the following lines from her writings and placed them on her tombstone:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

They are an eloquent tribute to the beauty of her life.

Thomas Moore's contributions may well be called "Hymns of Comfort." It is he who tells us that

"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal."

His hymns are the works of a true poet, and are filled with beautiful similes. Here are two from one of his hymns:

"But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Tennyson's hymn, "Late, late, so late," is a part of his poem, "Guinevere" in the "Idylls of the King." The fallen queen had left King Arthur's court and was hiding in the convent at Almesbury. Her attendant, a novice in the convent, was singing snatches of a song one day,

"Which when she heard, the queen looked up, and said,
'O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid:
'Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye can not enter now. . . .
Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss His feet!
No, no, too late, ye can not enter now!'
So sang the novice while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad queen.
Then said the little novice prattling to her,
'O, pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
But let my words, the words of one so small, . . .
Comfort your sorrows.'"

James Montgomery excels all other lay hymn-writers in the number of his compositions. Of their quality, Dr. Julian says: "With the faith of a strong man he united the beauty and sympathy of a child; richly poetic without exuberance, dogmatic without uncharitableness, tender without sentimentality, elaborate without diffuseness, richly musical." For proof of such a strong statement read his version of the seventy-second psalm:

"Hail, to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!"

It is interesting to compare the version with the original. Montgomery did not try to follow the language. He simply made the thought of the Psalm the inspiration of his hymn. Yet in several places the language is similar. For instance, David says, in speaking of the Messiah's rule: "He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

Montgomery sings:

"He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity."

Again David says of the needy, "Precious shall their blood be in His sight." Montgomery enumerates the blessings the Messiah brings to those

"Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight."

Of the length of the Messiah's reign the psalmist says, "Prayer also shall be made for Him continually; and daily shall He be praised. His name shall endure forever; . . . His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed." The hymn closes with the triumphant strains:

"To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is Love."

Montgomery wrote another hymn which might be a companion to this. He called it, "Hallelujah." It begins:

"Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar."

If the other hymn announced Christ's coming, this one proclaims His final triumph:

"See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'t is done—
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:

Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all."

Montgomery was an editor by profession. Twice he was imprisoned for publishing what was then considered libelous matter. During one of his terms he had for a fellow prisoner a certain Joseph Browne. Later, when Browne died, Montgomery wrote a funeral hymn which he dedicated in these words, "Verses to the memory of the late Joseph Browne, of Lothersdale, one of the people called Quakers, who had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York, and loss of all his worldly goods for conscience' sake.

The thought of the hymn is similar to Pope's "Ode." There is nothing gloomy about it. It pictures death as release after imprisonment. It begins:

"Spirit, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

To those accustomed to regard the grave only as "breathless darkness" and "the narrow house," the language of the last stanza is a revelation:

"Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise:

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls,
'Soul, rebuild thy house of clay:
Immortality thy walls;
And eternity thy day!'"

Not all Montgomery's hymns are as stately as these, yet each has a beauty of its own. He wrote a hymn on Christ as our example. It begins,

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power."

In another hymn he contrasts the awfulness of Sinai, the sublimity of Tabor, and the loveliness of Calvary. It begins,

"When on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty."

As one reads his hymn on the "Christian Warrior," he instinctively feels that a Christian who measured up to that standard would be perfect indeed. Yet the author says he

"Wins at length,
Through *mercy*, an immortal crown."

It is Montgomery who invites angels and men to

"Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King."

Thus he often puts new life into the Old Story, and draws fresh lessons from familiar truths. His hymns, for the most part, are very original. His ideas and conceptions of religious teachings are distinctly his own. This fact, with the beauty of his style, has given him a high place among hymn-writers.

His literary work was not confined to hymns. He wrote several poetical works, among them a volume called "Prison Amusements." Not long before he died, a friend asked him which of his poems would live. Montgomery gave the almost prophetic reply, "None, sir; nothing, except perhaps a few of my hymns." He wrote four hundred psalms and hymns, and one hundred are in common use.

The American poets are represented by several worthy hymns.

William Cullen Bryant was the most prolific. He wrote hymns for different collections and for special occasions. Many of them seem to have been written for the unfortunate of various classes.

To the sorrowing he says:

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light."

For the drunkard he prays to God:

"Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!"

For the sinning of every class he offers this petition:

"Look down in pity, Lord, we pray,
On eyes oppressed by moral night,
And touch the darkened lids, and say
The gracious words, 'Receive thy sight.'"

In the following lines he voices the ambition of every true philanthropist:

"Till, taught by Him who for our sake
Bore every form of life's distress,
With every passing year we make
The sum of human sorrow less."

Whittier distinctly disclaims the title of hymn-writer. He says: "I am really not a hymn-writer, for the very good reason that I know nothing about music. Only a very few of my hymns were written for singing. A good hymn is the best use to which poetry can be devoted, but I do not claim to ever having succeeded in composing one."

Yet from his poem, "Our Master," the Church has taken five exquisite stanzas, and uses

them as a hymn. The poet and disciple are both revealed in the lines:

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

Another very useful hymn has been taken from his poem, "Seedtime and Harvest." The hymn begins,

"It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves."

Oliver Wendell Holmes gave the Church:

"Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;"

and,

"O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!"

The first glories in God's majesty, the second confides in His mercy. They are both poetical treasures.

Some authors have introduced existing hymns into their books with great effect. Dr. Horder says that the "Dies Iræ" and "Stabat Mater"

have made a greater impression on both literature and music than any other hymns. Besides the instance already cited, the "Dies Iræ" is introduced into Goethe's "Faust." The heroine is so moved by hearing the great judgment hymn chanted that she is overcome, and ever afterwards is a changed woman.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," represents St. Clair as singing strains from this same hymn on the night of his death.

"All people that on earth do dwell," is referred to in one of Shakespeare's plays.

Many other instances might be cited if space permitted. Hymns occupy a very important place in general literature.

CHAPTER VII.

Women Hymn-Writers.

The first woman hymn-writer appeared during the Protestant Reformation. She was Louisa Henrietta, wife of the Great Elector, Frederick William, of Brandenburg. Her hymn is on the "Resurrection of the Just." For strength of faith it is worthy to be compared to Luther's hymns. Here are selections:

"Jesus, my eternal Trust
And my Savior, ever liveth:
This I know; and deep and just
Is the peace this knowledge giveth:
Though death's lingering night may start
Many a question in my heart.

What is weak and maimed below,
There shall be made strong and free:
Earthly is the seed we sow
Heavenly shall the harvest be:
Nature here and sin; but there
Spiritual all, and fair.

Only raise your souls above
Pleasures in which earth delighteth;
Give your souls to Him in love,
To whom death so soon uniteth;

Thither oft in spirit flee
Where ye would forever be."

Since the Reformation women have held an honored place among hymn-writers. It was a woman who wrote "Nearer, my God, to Thee," one of the most popular hymns in the English language. According to an eminent authority, women write the best children's hymns. At the dawn of the twentieth century the greatest living hymn-writer was a woman.

Many women found the inspiration of their hymns in misfortune and affliction. This was true of Madam Guyon, a French mystic, who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century. Her life was filled with trial. She was married at the age of sixteen, and left a widow at twenty-eight. Her child died at an early age; her mother-in-law rendered her life miserable; and smallpox robbed her of her beauty when she was only twenty-two years old. Amid all these misfortunes her religion was her only consolation. She wrote: "In losing all the gifts, with their supports, I found the Giver." A Franciscan monk told her to seek God in her heart. She did so, and was rewarded by a bright experience. She says of her conversion: "I was on a sudden so altered that I was hardly to be known, either by myself or others. . . .

Nothing is more easy to me now than the practice of prayer." Her religious life was rich and full, but beset by persecution. She was accused of heresy by the Roman Catholic Church, and was consequently banished to Gex, near Geneva. There she occupied herself with writing, and with works of mercy. Although exiled by the Church she was not banished from God's presence. She wrote:

"My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea. . . .

I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there. . . .

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all."

Afterwards she was imprisoned in the Bastile. But there God was still her comfort, and she sang:

"Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quickening beams;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes."

It was a happy fulfillment of Christ's promise, "I am with you alway." Before her death,

Madam Guyon was restored to favor in the Church.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free,"

was the prayer of a broken heart. Miss Anna Steele, the author, was crippled in childhood by a serious accident. In early womanhood she was engaged to be married to a young man of unusual promise. The wedding day came, and with it the news that her lover had been drowned. Miss Steele never fully recovered from the shock. But she was not selfish in her grief. She prayed,—

"Thou Refuge of my soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell my grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel."

She made herself a ministering spirit, and devoted herself to works of love and mercy. She wrote a Life of her father, and gave all the profits to Church philanthropies. She published two volumes of hymns, and a third was issued after her death. Many of these hymns have a more cheerful strain than the ones already quoted.

Her morning hymn begins:

"Lord of my life, O may Thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours!"

Her life was not embittered, but rather sanctified, by her sorrow.

"Plain living and high thinking" was evidently the rule of Mary Pyper's life, for she was both a seamstress and a hymn-writer. While about her work, her thoughts dwelt on the bliss of the future life. She gloried in the fact that we should see the Redeemer, not as in the days of His humiliation, but exalted to be King of kings!—

"'We shall see Him' in our nature,
Seated on His lofty throne,
Loved, adored, by every creature,
Owned as God, and God alone!
There to cast our crowns before Him,—
O what peace the thought affords!
There forever to adore Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

Another humble woman who had the gift of song was Mrs. Phebe Hinsdale Browne. She was the wife of a poor house-painter. Her house was very small and afforded no quiet place for her devotions. Therefore she was in the habit of taking a quiet walk near her house each

evening. A rich neighbor misinterpreted the purpose of these walks, and said rather sharply to Mrs. Browne: "Why do you go back and forth between your house and mine? If you want anything, come in and get it." Mrs. Browne was wounded by the remark. That evening she wrote a poem which she called "An Apology for My Twilight Rambles: Addressed to a Lady." From that poem has been taken the evening hymn beginning,

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

In the course of his travels, Dr. Cæsar Malan visited the home of Charlotte Elliott. A warm friendship sprang up between them, and he tried to help her in her religious life. One day he said to her, "Come to God just as you are." She took his advice, and not long afterward wrote:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Her brother, who became an eminent minister, said of this hymn: "In the course of a long ministry, I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors but I feel that far more

good has been done by a single hymn of my sister's."

Miss Elliott was an invalid. One day, when her physician called to see her, he showed her a copy of this hymn, and told her that it had been a great help to him. Miss Elliott had the pleasure of telling him that she was its author. Miss Elliott struggled heroically against the despondency and inertia incident to her poor health. Here is her own confession: "He knows, and He alone, what it is, day after day, hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness, languor, and exhaustion; to resolve not to yield to slothfulness, depression, and instability, such as the body causes me to long to indulge; but rise each morning determined to take for my motto, 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.'" The secret of her strength may be revealed in the following hymn:

"My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee."

Another of her hymns should be mentioned, namely:

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done!'

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done!'"

This hymn was sung at the funeral of the Princess Alice, by the special request of Queen Victoria.

Few lives have been more entirely consecrated than that of Frances Ridley Havergal. She lived her consecration hymn. Here is the story of its origin in her own words: "I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house; some were unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house.' He just *did*. Before I left every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed

most of the night in renewal of my consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another till they finished with *'Ever,* only, ALL for Thee.'" She meant the hymn literally. Her hands were always occupied with loving deeds; her feet were constantly going about the King's business, and her voice never sang any but sacred pieces.

Her health was very frail, and she was often actually ill. This was a great trial to her, as she always wanted to be doing good. But at length she came to the point where she could say, "'Thy will be done' is not a sigh but a song."

She never took any credit to herself for her hymns. Of her composition she wrote: "I can not set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two; then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. . . . You say F. R. H. could do 'Satisfied' grandly! *No,* she could n't! Not unless He gave it to me line by line. That is how the verses come." Their "inspired" origin was what gave her hymns their power. It is said that there was a sacred power in her personal presence.

The following description is given of her death: "And now she looked up steadfastly as if she saw the Lord; and surely nothing less

heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes we watched that almost visible meeting with her King; and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him. She tried to sing; but after one sweet high note, 'He—,' her voice failed, and as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand, she passed away."

No one can read Miss Waring's hymns without recognizing the truth of the statement, that "she wrote her heart into her hymns." She called her little book, "Hymns and Meditations." Her hymns are meditations. She must have fed upon the Scripture, for she says:

"My Savior, on the word of truth
In earnest hope I live;
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give."

One of the things she asked for was:

"A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize."

Her ambitions were simple, and her trust childlike:

"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;

I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go."

Her determination is expressed in the couplet:

"He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him."

To the fretful anxious heart the following lines come with great force:

"Thou knowest that I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of faith
Possess my soul in Thee."

Likewise to the proud and willful:

"It is not as Thou wilt with me
Till, humbled in the dust,
I know no place in all my heart
Wherein to put my trust."

Phœbe Cary's hymn beginning,

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,"

was written one Sunday afternoon after Church. The author did not spend so much time on this as on some of her other literary work, but it is by this hymn that she will be remembered. It was the means of saving two American men who

were in China, and were spending their money in riotous living. As they were gambling and drinking one day in a public resort, the younger man began unconsciously to hum a tune and finally to sing:

"One sweetly solemn thought."

The older man noticed it, and asked where he had learned it. The hymn awakened childhood memories in both men. "Come," said the elder at length; "come, Harry, here's what I 've won from you. Go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drunk my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business." Both men forsook their evil life. Later, the elder became a missionary in San Francisco, and labored there successfully for eight years. When Miss Cary heard the story of their reformation, she wrote, "It makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, who wrote "Stepping Heavenward," also wrote the hymn,

"More love to Thee, O Christ."

One can not help being impressed with the fervor of the prayer,

"This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!"

It was written in a time of sorrow. This, with the fact that she was an invalid, adds meaning to the words:

"Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee."

That it was a "heart-song" is shown from the fact that she laid it away, and did not show it to any one, not even her husband, for several years. She wrote several other hymns, and they all "are full of Christ."

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles leads us, by her hymn, to the foot of the cross. There, with her aid, we gain new conceptions of its relation to human life. The cross is the true gauge of all values:

"Here earth's precious things seem dross:
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet."

It is the revelation of character, human and divine:

"Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus."

It is the source of all Christian graces:

"Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die."

It is the compass of all spiritual longing:

"Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end."

Above all, the cross is the means of perfect redemption.

"Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet."

In the early days of the Civil War, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe viewed some of the troops near Washington. As she was returning she began to sing "John Brown's Body," and remarked to a friend that she had always wished to write words to that tune. Early the next morning she awoke with the words,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,"

ringing in her mind. She arose quickly, and wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was sung for the first time by the soldiers of the Massachusetts regiment at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, in 1861. To soldiers the words must have been full of meaning.

"As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,"

was not merely a lofty sentiment, but a high resolve. The hymn was written in war times and has a martial ring.

President William McKinley used the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as his dying prayer, and probably it was never sung more frequently than in the weeks succeeding his death. The author, Sarah Flower Adams, was the daughter of an English editor. She was a woman of considerable literary ability. She contributed hymns and articles to various publications. This hymn is her masterpiece. Among her literary friends was the poet, Robert Browning. When she was troubled with doubts and fears, he would cheer and help her with his rugged faith.

Elizabeth Clephane, a humble Scotch woman, wrote a poem on the Parable of the Lost Sheep.

It was published in a newspaper. Mr. Sankey, who was traveling in that part of the world, saw it, and was impressed by its beauty and pathos. He told Mr. Moody that he had found the piece for which he had been looking. A few nights later, in Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, Mr. Moody preached on the Good Shepherd, and, at the close of the sermon, asked Mr. Sankey if he had anything to sing. Mr. Sankey hesitated, and then sang "The Ninety and Nine," improvising the tune as he sang. When he finished, the audience were in tears. Thus the evangelist gave wings to the words of the poor woman, and made them one of the chief gospel hymns of the period.

Mary A. Lathbury was the lyrist of Chautauqua. She wrote the vesper hymn,

"Day is dying in the west,"

at the request of Bishop Vincent, and for the use of the Chautauqua Circles. She also wrote,

"Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,"

which she called a "study song," and many other beautiful hymns for special use.

Mr. Sankey has said that Fanny Crosby's hymns are sung more to-day than those of any other living writer. Their use is not confined to

America and England. Many of them have been translated into foreign languages, and are sung in the Protestant Mission Stations all around the world. Among the first hymns translated into Japanese was "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine."

Her hymns are so full of joy and hope, that it is hard to believe that their author has been blind nearly all her life. She does not regard the affliction as a calamity but rather as a blessing. In her autobiography she says: "It seemed intended by the blessed Providence of God, that I should be blind all my life; and I thank Him for the dispensation. . . . I verily believe it was His intention that I should live my days in physical darkness, so as to be better prepared to sing His praises and incite others so to do."

Her blindness gives a touch of pathos to her most jubilant strains. For instance:

"O, the soul-thrilling rapture,
When I view His blessed face!"

and,

"I shall see Him face to face."

Her spiritual sight is good, for she says:

"Visions of rapture now burst on my sight!"

and,

"He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of pleasures I see."

Her heart and mind were filled with songs, which constantly overflowed to bless the world. One day the musical composer, Mr. W. H. Doane, called and asked her to write words for a certain tune. He said that he must take a train in forty minutes, and he wished the words before he left. She consented to his request, and, within the specified time, wrote the hymn,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

A few years ago she was in a meeting conducted by Mr. Moody. After several had testified, he asked her if she had anything to say. She arose and said that, some time before, she had written a hymn which had never been published, or given to the publisher. She regarded it as her hymn, and she would now give it as her testimony. Then she repeated the hymn beginning,

"Some day the silver chord will break,
And I no more, as now, shall sing;
But O, the joy, when I awake
Within the palace of the King!"

The hymn soon became very popular, and was a favorite with Mr. Moody.

CHAPTER VIII.

Other Hymns of Interest.

The Emperor Frederick, when dying, comforted himself in his pain by singing the following hymn:

"If the Lord me sorrow send
Let me bear it patiently;
Lifting up my heart in prayer
Comfort He will not deny;
Therefore, let there come what will,
In the Lord my heart is still.

Though the heart is often weak,
Full of pain, and all forlorn;
Though in days of utmost pain
Not a day of joy will dawn;
Tell it, let there come what will,
In the Lord all pain is still."

The author was Ernest von Willich, a German boy twelve years old. He was an invalid, and the hymn was his personal testimony.

Another conspicuous instance of a youthful hymn-writer is Joseph Grigg, who wrote "Ashamed of Jesus," when only ten years old.

The hymn gives a rare glimpse into the nature of childhood piety. It does not express, nor pray for the experience of a mature Christian; yet possibly no mature Christian ever wrote a more beautiful and popular hymn on the same subject. A child can be a true friend. The hymn is not lacking in literary merit. What more beautiful figure or appropriate comparison could be given than

> "Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
> Let evening blush to own a star;"

or,

> "Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
> Let midnight be ashamed of noon."

It is gratifying to know that one who so early enjoyed the friendship of Jesus remained faithful in later years. He wrote another hymn called, "Behold a Stranger at the door," in which he recommended his lifelong Friend to others.

Henry Kirke White was another youthful hymn-writer. He might have lived and died an unbeliever but for the influence of an intimate friend. The friend had been converted, and, knowing White's skeptical views, avoided him. White was grieved, and inquired the reason for the neglect. His friend told him frankly about the change which had come into his life. White was greatly impressed, and later became a Christian.

He was fond of outdoor life. Swimming in the English Channel was one of his favorite sports. After his conversion he seemed to look through nature to nature's God. In one of his hymns—perhaps his greatest—he gives a very poetic and reverent description of a storm. The angry waves and howling winds had lost their terrors since he understood that they were governed and controlled by "the Eternal Monarch" of creation:

"Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest."

The thunder is but the voice of God.

"His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies."

His hymn on the "Star of Bethlehem" is more familiar. While writing it he probably had in mind some dark night that he himself had spent on the channel, and he made his physical peril represent his spiritual struggle. White be-

gan to study for the ministry; but his health failed, and he died at the age of twenty. Such are the merits of his poetry, that many authorities think that, if he had lived, he would have taken a place among the British poets.

It seems strange that there should have been any antagonism between the author of "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and the author of "Rock of Ages;" yet Augustus Toplady wrote many elaborate articles which were intended to refute the teachings of the Wesleys. They taught that salvation was free, and he believed in election. Therefore he felt it was his duty to oppose them. Their doctrine of "Christian Perfection" aroused his special displeasure. That his opposition was due to a misunderstanding of the doctrine is shown by this hymn, which he wrote to controvert it. He called the hymn "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." The most perfect Christian must say:

> "Thou must save, and Thou alone:
> In my hand no price I bring;
> Simply to Thy cross I cling."

He wrote better than he knew. He thought he was forging a weapon with which to wound the cause of the Wesleys. In reality he was writing a hymn for the use of the entire Protestant Church. It was the dying prayer of the Prince

Consort. Bitter as Toplady was against the theological doctrine, his heart longed for the experience of perfect salvation. He wrote:

"O when wilt Thou my Savior be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,—
A perfect rest from sin?
I look to my incarnate God
Till He His work begin;
And wait till His redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin."

Like Pope and Montgomery, Toplady wrote a hymn on the dying Christian. Though perhaps not equal in literary merit, it breathes the same spirit of triumph:

"Deathless principle, arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,—

Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return."

These might well have been his last words, so triumphant was his death. A short time before it occurred, he asked his friends if they could spare him. They replied that they could. "O, what blessing," exclaimed Toplady, "that you are

willing to give me over into the hands of my Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glory that has been revealed in my soul." Toplady is remembered by his hymns rather than by his controversies. His heart was right, although his judgment erred.

In 1843 a young man by the name of Frederick W. Faber became rector at Elton. The community was notorious for intemperance and profligacy. Faber immediately commenced a war against the prevailing vices. In the conflict he displayed a self-denying earnestness that was as successful as it was uncommon. He doubtless felt that

> "Right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

Order and decency soon took the place of riot and crime, and the parish became reputed for thrift and good behavior.

No one can read Faber's hymns without being impressed that he was acquainted with God. As he himself says when enumerating the attractions of heaven,—

> "The God we know is on that shore,
> The God of whose attractions we know more

Than of those who may appear
Nearest and dearest here:
O, is He not the lifelong Friend we know
More privately than any friend below?"

God seems to have been the subject of his meditations day and night. The ancient Hebrew singer said, as he looked abroad and saw God's glory in nature, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet." Faber, thinking of the grandeur of His character, exclaimed:

"Only to sit and think of God,
O, what joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss!"

Again he sang:

"O how the thought of God attracts
And draws the soul from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth!
O, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!"

He wrote another hymn in which he compares the thought of God to light that shines in darkness, to a thread that makes a golden pattern in a cloth. The hymn is full of beautiful

thoughts and figures. Only a few lines can be quoted. The thought of God

"Is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears. . . .
To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise.
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee our rest."

In these contemplations he learned some of the deeper truths of the Gospel, some of the greater possibilities of Christian experience. Some of these as expressed in his hymns might well become subjects of thought for others. For instance,

"If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?"

suggests the further question, What is the measure of love's power? Likewise the stanza,

"If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord,"

suggests an ideal experience which might seem at first impossible. It is interesting to remember that the one who wrote those lines also wrote:

"I worship Thee, sweet Will of God!
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more."

May not this hymn explain the other?

New light is thrown on the sacredness and blessedness of this present life in his poem—for it is a poem as well as a hymn—"The Pilgrims of the Night." He would have us believe that the Bethlehem angels are still singing

"O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore."

He claims that their voices are still audible to the ear of the soul, and that it is the "music of the Gospel" that "leads us home." When we reach that shore we are to expect songs of welcome. That the author greatly longed for his own homecoming is shown by his hymn, "O Paradise." Faber was a modern mystic—a St. Bernard of the nineteenth century. His hymns, like those of Bowring, were the expression of his own feelings and longings, rather than poetic compositions written for fame or wealth. He humbly says of them:

"It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Him. Each man feels for himself the peculiar wonder of that mercy in his own case. That our blessed Lord has permitted these hymns

to be of some trifling good to souls, and so contribute in a very humble way to His glory, is to the author a source of profitable confusion as well as unmerited consolation."

An English clergyman, when dying, sent for a brother clergyman to come and pray with him. He confessed to him that he was afraid to die. Together they read the Bible and made the discovery that they were not converted men. They began to pray, and there, in the death-chamber, the living and the dying both found peace. The visiting clergyman was Henry F. Lyte. From that day a new power entered into his life and ministry. The completeness of his surrender, and the thoroughness of his religious experience, may be judged from the following hymn, which reads like a personal testimony:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be."

Later, when he was in very delicate health, and felt that his death was approaching, he wrote the following pathetic prayer:

"O Thou, whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die!"

This prayer was answered literally. In 1847 Lyte planned to take a trip for his health. On the last Sunday morning before he started he preached a farewell sermon to his people, and administered the sacrament. That evening he handed to a friend the hymn,

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,"

and the music which he had adapted to it. The author died only a few weeks later, but his hymn still lives, and will live.

A beautiful story is connected with the origin of the hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

The author, John Fawcett, had been the pastor of a humble Baptist Church at Wainsgate ever since his ordination. But in 1772 he received a call to a more prosperous London parish. He packed his goods, and was about to start for his new home, when his people assembled, and with tears begged him to remain with them. At length he was overcome by their entreaties, and ordered the wagons to be unloaded. Soon afterward he wrote this hymn, and called it "Brotherly Love." He spent the rest of his life laboring for this devoted people.

The majestic hymn beginning,

"Mighty God! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal lisp Thy name?"

was written for a child. Robert Robinson was holding his little friend, Benjamin Williams on his knee when he penned the lines. When they were finished he gave them to the boy. The appropriateness of the hymn is more apparent in the original, where the second line reads,

"May an infant lisp Thy name?"

Andrew Reed, the philanthropist, published a volume of hymns from which the Church has taken several, among them,

"Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day."

His fame is due, however, to his work for the sick and unfortunate, "the most unhappy," as he called them. He founded several hospitals and asylums, out of gratitude for what had been done for his mother. She had been a waif, but was befriended and cared for by a Christian family, and grew to be a noble woman. Could gratitude find a nobler expression?

Scotland has given the Church few hymn-writers, but they are worthy. Dr. Horatius Bonar is not the least among them. His experience illustrates the truth of the ancient adage, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." Bonar's hymns are loved and used throughout Christendom, except in his own Church. This is not, however, a reflection on the author, or on the quality of his hymns. The Scotch Presbyterians prefer the Psalms of David to all uninspired hymns, no matter how grand the latter may be. Dr. Bonar was pastor at Kelso, and he wrote his hymns for the use of his own Sunday-school. Although not exclusively children's hymns, many of them are particularly adapted to children's use. They are simple and childlike, yet they possess a dignity which is not often found in hymns written for children. The personal element in his hymns is very strong. "*I* heard the voice of Jesus say," "*I* lay my sins on Jesus," "*I* was a wandering sheep." The tender trustfulness and simplicity which make all his hymns so sweet, is conspicuous in the one entitled, "Thy way, not mine:"

"The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Choose Thou for me my friends.
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me.
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things, or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all."

After reading his hymns one is prepared to appreciate the description that a visitor to his Church in Scotland gives of the hymnist. She says: "There were no rugged lines about his face —but benevolence, peace, sweetness pervaded it. The first thought was 'He is just like his hymns —not great, but tender, sweet, tranquil.' His prayer was as simple as a child's. His sermon was marked by absence of attempt at originality; it was simply an invitation. In closing, he said with one of the most winning faces I ever saw, 'Whosoever,' that means you; 'whosoever will,' does that mean you, too?' "

Thomas Kelly represents Ireland among the hymn-writers. He belonged to a noble family. Wealth, learning, and ability were all his, and he gave them freely to the service of the Church. At the age of twenty-four he was ordained, and in a few years became one of the most powerful preachers in Dublin. Crowds came to hear his

sermons. He labored more than sixty years in the Irish capital, and his work was very zealous and evangelistic. It is said that no worthy cause ever appealed to him in vain. The Church has received several valuable hymns from his pen. The resurrection and exaltation of Christ seem to have inspired his poetic genius. Among his hymns are the following:

"Come, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;"

and,

"The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;"

and,

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the Man of sorrows now;"

and,

"The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;"

and,

"Hark! the notes of angels, singing,
'Glory, glory to the Lamb!'"

It is natural that one who had such joy in the resurrection, should also have faith in the final triumph of the Church. Kelly was the author of "Arise, ye saints, arise!" "On the mountain's top appearing," and "Zion stands with hills surrounded." He was a Biblical scholar, and these hymns indicate that he had drunk deep of the

spirit of the ancient prophets. Such lyrics ought to inspire the Church with courage and hope.

Dr. Horder calls Ray Palmer the best known and deeply loved hymnist of America. He was both a hymn-writer and a hymn-translator. Many of his translations are of the ancient hymns, and are quoted in the first chapter. Of his original compositions, by far the greatest was written when he was only twenty-two years old. At that time he was a teacher in a young ladies' school in New York. He was in poor health, and was battling with discouragements. One day he read a little German poem which described the suppliant before the cross. Palmer was so impressed that he made a translation of it, and added the hymn,

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior Divine,"

as the prayer of the suppliant. Dr. Palmer said afterwards, that he wrote what he felt, and finished its composition with tears in his eyes; "I expressed the deep consciousness of my own need." As it was not written for publication, it was laid away for years. One day, however, Lowell Mason, the musical composer, met Dr. Palmer on the street, and asked him to contribute a few lines to a hymn-book that he was compiling. Dr. Palmer gave him a copy of this hymn.

Dr. Mason read it, and predicted that it would be sung around the world; and whatever else the author might do, his fame would rest on that one hymn. His prediction proved true. Dr. Palmer, however, regarded his hymn beginning,

> "Jesus, these eyes have never seen
> That radiant form of Thine,"

as his masterpiece, and repeated part of it when he was dying.

He gave his hymns to the compilers without compensation; but, in consideration of the favor, insisted that they should not be altered, but inserted as he wrote them.

The hymn-writers already mentioned are few compared to the whole number. There is Edward Perronet, whose fame rests upon one hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" Timothy Dwight, for many years president of Yale College, and author of the familiar hymn, "I love Thy kingdom, Lord." Samuel Medley and Samuel Stennett were early Methodist preachers who were filled with an ardent love for the Savior. The former wrote, "O could I speak the matchless worth," and "I know that my Redeemer lives." The latter wrote "Majestic Sweetness sits enthroned," and "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." Joseph Hart and John Cennick, after spending their early life in dissipation, were con-

verted, and became good and useful men. Hart wrote, "Come, ye sinners poor and needy," and "O for a glance of heavenly day." Cennick wrote, "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," and "Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone." Matthew Bridges ought to be mentioned. "Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise," and "Crown Him with many crowns," are both his.

To this company of hymn-writers belong a few converts from heathenism. Krishnu-Pal, the first Hindoo Christian, was the author of one of the Church's communion hymns. It begins:

> "O thou, my soul, forget no more
> The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
> Let every idol be forgot,
> But, O my soul, forget Him not!"

Krishnu broke his arm, and had it set by Mr. Thomas, Dr. Carey's assistant. That faithful missionary did not neglect the opportunity to preach the Gospel to his patient. Krishnu was moved to tears, and afterward visited the missionary in order to receive instruction. At length he and his family publicly renounced their caste, and ate with the missionaries. That act produced the greatest excitement among the natives. A large mob assembled, and dragged the new converts before the magistrates. In this storm of persecution the faith of several of the converts

wavered. Krishnu, however, remained faithful, and, on December 28, 1800, he was baptized alone, in the river Ganges, by Dr. Carey. A large throng of Portuguese, Mohammedans, and Hindoos attended the service. The governor of India was also present, and was moved to tears at the sight. That evening the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time in Bengali; it was the fruition of seven years of patient seed-sowing. For twenty years Krishnu-Pal faithfully served his Lord. He was of great assistance to the missionaries as an interpreter, translator, and writer of hymns and tracts.

"In the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide,"

was written by Ellen Lakshim Goreh, a Brahmin of the highest caste. This hymn and that of Krishnu are both significant in that they express the feelings of converted heathen, when they find a God who is a true friend instead of a powerful enemy.

The American Indians have a representative in Samson Ockerman, the first Indian preacher. He was a member of the Mohawk tribe, and was converted under the preaching of George Whitefield. For years he preached and labored among his own people at the extreme end of Long

Island. Later he went to England, and raised ten thousand pounds, which formed the financial foundation of Dartmouth College. He was a good preacher, and especially gifted in extemporary speaking. The extent of his influence among his own people is shown by the fact that three hundred Indians attended his funeral. His hymn, in part, is as follows:

"Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain;
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Savior passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now, by His grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love."

Dr. Storrs said of the hymn-writer: "The grandest privilege which God ever gives to His children upon earth, and which he gives to comparatively few, is to write a noble Christian hymn, to be accepted by the Church, to be sung by reverent and loving hearts in the different lands, and different tongues; and which still shall be sung as the future opens its brightening centuries. Such a hymn brings him to whom it is given

into most intimate sympathy with the Master, and with the more sensitive and devout of every time."

But not all the blessings are reserved for the authors. Speaking of the influence of the hymn upon the singer, Mr. Beecher once said: "I have never loved men under any circumstances as I have loved them while singing with them; never at any other time have I been so near heaven with you, as in those hours when our songs were wafted thitherward."

CHAPTER IX.

Noted Translators and Translations.

A HYMN belongs to the entire Church, and not only to the denomination or country which produced it. The British Isles have given birth to most of the great hymn-writers. Watts, Wesley, Heber, Doddridge, and Faber were all Englishmen; Montgomery and Bonar were natives of Scotland, and Kelly was of Irish origin. England, probably, excels all other countries in the number of her hymnists, and America is fast becoming a rival.

Hymnody is greatly enriched, however, by the lyrics of other lands. Note the Easter hymns which have come down to us from the Greek and Latin of the early Church. The great Passion hymns were written in Latin. Cluny's hymns of heaven are unexcelled by those of any modern writer. The German battle-hymns are equally worthy. Thus the work of the translator has been necessary in making the hymn-wealth of the world available for every part.

John M. Neale gave the English-speaking Church most of her translations of ancient hymns. She accepted the gift, but despitefully used the giver. He was a High Churchman, and many suspected him of being in sympathy with Rome. For twenty years he was forbidden to preach. He was obliged to support himself by writing books and stories for children. During the last twenty years of his life he was warden of the Sacksville College, a position which yielded him an annual income of one hundred and thirty-five dollars. When he founded the Sisterhood of Saint Margaret his persecutors burned him in effigy. His troubles were largely due to the fact that he was misunderstood. After his death, his works which remained, received late but honorable recognition. All the Churches sing his translations, many of which have the value of original compositions. "Jerusalem the Golden" and "The Day of Resurrection" are fine specimens of his work.

Edward Caswall showed early a gift for poetic translation. While a student in Oxford he published a humorous translation of Aristotle, entitled "The Art of Pluck." It is still prized by the students in that university. In later years he published the "Lyra Catholica," which contained translations of many Latin hymns. Here

is his translation of a hymn taken from the Latin Breviary:

"O Thou pure Light of souls that love,
True Joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Savior and Redeemer blest!

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize."

Here is a stanza from his translation of Veni Creator Spiritus:

"Come, Holy Spirit, now descend!
Most blessed gift which God can send;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life!
Consume our sins, and calm our strife."

Dr. Caswall proved a worthy translator of St. Bernard's hymns. "Jesus, the very thought of Thee," "Jesus, King most wonderful," and "Jesus, Thou the beauty art," are all his translations. Their beauty has long been recognized by the Church.

We are indebted to John Chandler, an English clergyman, for some of the best translations of Latin hymns. "The royal banner is unfurled," is a specimen of his work.

Mrs. Charles, already referred to as the author of a hymn, was also a translator of no mean

ability. Her book on hymnology, entitled "The Christian Life in Song," contains many valuable translations.

The "Dies Iræ" has had more translators than any other hymn. A few years ago there were one hundred American, and ninety-three English translations, besides numerous renderings into other tongues. One man alone made seventeen translations.

General Dix, of the Union Army, while stationed at Fort Monroe in 1863, spent his leisure time in making a translation which is regarded as very fine. Here is a stanza which shows the style:

> "King of majesty tremendous,
> By Thy saving grace defend us;
> Fount of pity, safety send us."

The accepted English translation was made by Rev. W. J. Irons. He received his inspiration for the work through hearing the original hymn magnificently rendered at the memorial service for Archbishop Affre, who was assassinated during the Revolution of 1848. In his translation, Dr. Irons succeeded in reproducing much of the spirit of the Latin. Like many other translators, he wrote several original hymns. One of them is an Easter anthem, beginning,

"Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!"

Another English translation beginning,

"Day of wrath, O dreadful day!
When this world shall pass away,"

was made by Arthur P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. In his boyhood he attended the Rugby School, and his experiences there formed the basis of Thomas Hughes's character of "Arthur" in "Tom Brown's School-days."

The best short translation is the one by Sir Walter Scott, already referred to. Gladstone said of it: "I know nothing more sublime in any portion of the sacred poets of modern times —I mean the present century—than the hymn for the dead, extending only twelve lines, which he introduces in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

John Dryden, for thirty years poet laureate of England, was far from a hymn-writer. Much of his poetry is coarse and low. Yet he wrote the translation of the "Veni Creator Spiritus," which is found in the Prayer-book of the Established Church. It closes with the following doxology:

"Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;

The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!

John Wesley served the Church as a translator of hymns, as well as a preacher. The German lyrics attracted him especially. This may have been due to the fact that he was strongly influenced for several years by the teachings of the Moravians. He received the "Witness of the Spirit" in one of their meetings. Just before he began his life-work as a reformer and evangelist, he went to Germany, and visited the Moravian community of Herrnhut. While on this trip he made the acquaintance of Nicolaus Zinzendorf. He afterward translated several of the hymns of that Christian count.

Wesley was somewhat of a mystic. Therefore he could appreciate the beautiful hymns of Gerhard Tersteegen, Johann Scheffler, and other German Mystics. Of Wesley's translations, Dr. Horder speaks in the highest terms. He says, "John was as great a translator as Charles was an original hymnist." Whether such an estimate is just can only be determined by examining the hymns themselves. Here is a stanza from his translation of Ernest Lange's hymn on "God's greatness:"

"Each evening shows Thy tender love,
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace."

The following is taken from his translation of one of Joachim Lange's hymns:

"O God, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 't is all my store;
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more."

His translation of one of Scheffler's hymns begins,

"O God, of good the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?"

One of his best translations begins,

"Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place."

The following story is told of one of his translations: Oliver Wendell Holmes and Ralph Waldo Emerson were once discussing the merits of various hymns. Holmes declared that most hymns were only cabinet work—not really poetic. But he added that there was one supreme hymn, and began to quote:

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows!
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee."

"I know—I know," replied Emerson; "that is the supreme hymn." It was an extravagant claim, but Holmes and Emerson should be good authorities on the literary merits of a hymn.

Wesley was a severe critic of hymns. He strongly disapproved of weak sentimentality and of phrases which he deemed too familiar to be addressed to the Deity. He did not hesitate, when editing a collection of hymns, to alter those which contained such expressions. His brother's hymns were not exempt. In one familiar lyric, "My dear Redeemer's praise" was changed to "My great Redeemer's praise." These alterations were not made because Wesley's heart was cold, but because he had a high sense of the reverence with which man should approach God.

Wesley had also very positive opinions concerning Church music. Here are some of the rules he made for the use of the Methodist societies.

"Sing no anthems."

"Do not suffer the people to sing too slow. This tends to formality."

"Exhort every one, whether men or women, in the congregation to sing."

"In every large class let them learn to sing."

With all this encouragement, it is no wonder that the Church which he founded became famous for its congregational singing.

It is of interest to know what were the favorite hymns of a man who had such lofty ideals. During his visits to his societies he frequently sang this stanza:

"O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!"

On the day before his death he sang Dr. Watts's hymn:

"I 'll praise my Maker while I 've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

This stanza seems literally to describe his death. Every little while he broke into some song of praise, even when his strength was hardly adequate to the strain. His last words were the joyous shout, twice repeated, "The best of all is, God is with us!" Thus closed the life which for

more than half a century had been spent in active evangelism. During that time he had traveled two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached forty thousand times. The fruits of those labors still remain.

Catharine Winkworth is an honored name among those of translators. Besides translating numerous German hymns, she published a book called "Christian Singers of Germany," which is an authority on the hymnology of that country. The following are extracts from two of her translations. The first contains a beautiful spiritual interpretation of the closing verses of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

"Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Savior of the world is here.

The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!"

The following is in a different strain, but equally beautiful:

"Well for him who, all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as naught,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true bliss is fraught!

Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth
Calm and pure as saints above!"

The blessedness of such a life seems to have deeply impressed the author, for later he exclaims:

"O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him forever
In whom all our fullness lies!"

Every evening at her devotions Mary Reed, the leper missionary, sings the hymn beginning,

"My Jesus, as Thou wilt:
O may Thy will be mine."

It was written by Benjamin Schmolke, and translated by Miss Jane Borthwick.

The author was the son of a poor minister. He longed for an education, and worked hard to secure one. One day he preached from his father's pulpit on the text, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." A wealthy rela-

tive was so impressed and pleased with the sermon that he aided the boy to secure the remainder of his education. In this way he was enabled to graduate from the University of Leipsic. For a few years he assisted his father as curate, and then he became rector of the Church at Schweidnitz, where he remained until his death, a period of thirty-five years. His daily life was so beautiful that he won the respect and love of even the Jesuits who lived in the same community. In 1718 half the town was destroyed by fire. Schmolke wrote this hymn of resignation in memory of the disaster.

His last years were clouded by misfortune. In 1730 he had a partial shock of paralysis, which deprived him of his sight. In spite of this almost insuperable difficulty he continued his work for five years, and then calmly awaited his summons home. It came in 1737. His hardships inspired a hymn which has blessed many hearts in many lands.

In this missionary age of the Church the influence of Christian hymns is wider than ever before. The hymn-book has followed the Bible into every continent, and probably into every language in which missionary work is carried on.

CHAPTER X.

A Few Words About Tunes.

Hezekiah Butterworth once said in speaking of the Coronation hymn, "Perronet's words are wonderfully exalting, but they would be almost wingless without the tune."

Cardinal Newman, when complimented on his hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," replied, "Yes deeply thankful, and more than thankful;" then, after a pause, "But you see it was not the hymn but the tune that gained the popularity." These remarks contain a truth which applies to hymns in general. Their success depends in a large measure on the tunes to which they are sung. Some grand hymns "are wingless" because of the dull character of their tunes, while, on the other hand, some very ordinary lyrics are popular because of their music. This being true, it may not be out of place to say something about tunes in a book devoted to hymns. There are treasures among tunes as well as among hymns.

Fragments of the old Gregorian Chants are still found in our hymn-books. For centuries these chants formed the body of Church music. They were written in the sixth century by Gregory the Great. He was a noble Roman and prominent in the politics of that day. But he loved the Church more than the State, and preferred monastic to public life. He resigned his office therefore, and spent his wealth in building monasteries. He entered one of them as a menial, but soon rose to the abbacy. It was during this part of his career that he saw the slave boys in the Roman market-place, and inquired concerning their nationality. "Angles," was the reply. "Not Angles but 'Angels,'" exclaimed the monk. He resolved at once to go as a missionary to their native land. Before he could carry out his intention, however, he was elected Bishop of Rome. He tried to escape this honor by hiding in the woods; but he was found, and consecrated in 595. A terrible pestilence was raging in Rome, and Gregory and his associates left the papal palace and cared personally for the sufferers. Gregory regarded himself as the steward of the Church in behalf of the poor. Therefore he kept a strict account of all his revenue, and established a system of regular visitation among the needy. It was his charitable work which probably gave rise to the saying, "Leo gave the

Church law, but Gregory gave it life and love." He encouraged the circulation of the Scriptures among the people, and urged both the clergy and laity to study them diligently.

When John, the Patriarch of Constantinople, claimed universal authority over the Church, Gregory was shocked, and denounced the assumption as "proud, heretical, blasphemous, anti-Christian, and diabolical." To reprove his ambitious rival he himself assumed the title, "Servant of servants." To-day the Roman pontiffs wear Gregory's title and claim John's authority. Gregory gave much attention to the improvement and development of Church music. Besides writing chants and hymns, he organized a singing-school, and presided over it in person. In appreciation for what he did the Church calls him "The Great."

The present pope, soon after his elevation to the papal chair, issued an edict strongly recommending a return to the use of Gregorian chants throughout the Catholic Church. Gregory's influence in the Protestant Churches is felt in the use of such tunes as "Hamburg" and "Olmutz."

But it is Palestrina of the sixteenth century who bears the title of "Father of Modern Church Music." He was a composer of some reputation and a singer in the pontifical choir. The position of chapelmaster to the pope was created es-

pecially for him. Later he held the same position at St. Peter's. In his day much secular music was used by the Church. A council called to consider the subject requested Palestrina to write a composition which would illustrate the difference between secular and sacred music. In response Palestrina composed the "Mass of Pope Marcellus," which became famous. There is still in some hymn-books a tune written by him and bearing his name.

The Church is indebted to the master musicians for several of her best tunes.

George Frederick Handel was the author of "Christmas," "Thatcher," and "Antioch." The musical genius of this composer developed early. His father feared that it would prevent him from becoming a lawyer, as he himself desired. So he forbade him to study music. But young Handel was not to be thwarted. He practiced at night on an old clavichord. A few years later his genius attracted the attention of the nobility, and their praise was so great that he was afterwards allowed to study. He made such progress that before he was twenty years old he had a reputation as a musician, and before he was twenty-five as a composer. In the earlier part of his career he wrote operas, but in later years devoted himself to the composition of dramatic oratorios. His masterpiece is the "Messiah." It was written to

celebrate the liberation of some debtors from prison. There is a story that he saw visions while writing the "Hallelujah Chorus." Among his other oratorios are "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," and "Judas Maccabæus." There is so much power and expression in these compositions that scenery and acting are unnecessary in order to produce the desired effect.

While he was yet living Pope called him the "Giant Handel," and, later, Beethoven pronounced him the greatest musician that ever lived. All musicians recognize his genius. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and a suitable monument was erected to his memory in the "Poets' Corner."

At least one tune, "Miller," has been taken from the works of Carl Philip Emanuel Bach. This composer belonged to a musical family of which the American Encyclopedia says: "In no department of science, art, or literature has any single family ever achieved such distinction, either from the number of its members who have devoted themselves to the same pursuit, or the talents, genius, or learning which they have manifested in it, as that of Bach in music. Fifty individuals at least of this name, whose lives spread over a period of two centuries and a quarter, would deservedly occupy an extended space in an exclusively musical cyclopedia."

Carl Philip Emanuel belonged to the sixth generation, and was the son of one of the most illustrious musicians of the family. Carl's forte was songs, odes, and psalms, yet the choruses of his oratorio, "Israel in the Wilderness," are so great that they place their author next to Handel.

Bach's music was criticised for its irregularities and difficulties, but it outlived criticism and became the inspiration of Haydn's genius. Bach expressed a great truth when he said: "In my opinion the grand object of music is to touch the heart, and this end can never be attained by the pianist by mere noise, drumming, and arpeggios; at all events, not by me." If this is true of music in general, it is especially true of sacred melodies. Their object should be to carry the words to the heart, and that can not be done by careless playing and singing.

There are few finer tunes in Church hymnals than "Creation," "Lyons," "Austria," and "Benjamin." These are all taken from the works of Joseph Haydn. During his boyhood Haydn had a beautiful voice and sang in a choir. This was a misfortune rather than a blessing. His master gave him little instruction while he pocketed much of the money which had been appropriated for his pupil's support. As a result Haydn was obliged to sing for his living. When he was sixteen years old, because of the loss of his voice,

and also because of a practical jest he had played on a fellow student, he was dismissed from his master's service.

From that time on he was dependent on his own efforts. At first it was a bitter struggle; but happier days were in store for him. For nearly a third of a century he was chapelmaster to Prince Esterhazy. This nobleman was most generous in his dealings with Haydn. He permitted him to hunt and fish at will in the royal preserves. Twice, when the composer's house burned, the prince rebuilt it at his own expense.

After the death of his patron, Haydn spent most of his time in composing. He did this work in a most reverential spirit, frequently kneeling in prayer for guidance. He was in his sixty-eighth year when he composed his oratorio "The Creation." The last time he ever appeared in public he went to hear it rendered. He was unable to remain through the performance, but as he was carried out he waved his hand toward heaven and exclaimed, "Not mine, not mine; it came from above!" The tune "Creation" is the same melody as "The Heavens are Telling" in the oratorio.

Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn all contributed melodies. Their lives are alike in so many particulars that individual accounts would be monotonous. Each showed remarkable mu-

sical ability when little more than an infant, and each won triumphs while yet in boyhood.

Of Mozart it is said that he composed simple but correct harmonies when only four years old. He was a most diligent student all his life. When a friend praised one of his works he replied: "People err if they think my art has cost me no trouble. I assure you, my dear friend, no one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I. There is hardly a celebrated master in music whom I have not carefully, and in many cases several times, studied clear through." As a result of his labor, Mozart left at his death more than eight hundred pieces for the piano, besides many for the voice.

If sight is necessary for a painter, hearing must be for a musician. Yet Beethoven, one of the greatest of all composers, was deaf a large part of his life. At first this affliction made him bitter, but later he became reconciled to it. Family troubles arose to cloud his last years. An unworthy brother and an ungrateful nephew caused him much suffering.

His misfortunes, without doubt, prevented him from producing as much as he otherwise would have done. But they did not injure the quality of his work. Comparing several masters, the American Cyclopedia says: "Under Bach, Haydn, and Mozart the sonata and symphony have all at-

tained their complete development in form. Under Beethoven a new soul was infused into them." The former tried to express their feelings in music, Beethoven tried to communicate his feelings by music. Some authorities place Beethoven at the head of all composers for the orchestra.

The life of Mendelssohn Bartholdy was a great contrast to that of Beethoven. "It was comparatively free from struggles, and from earliest childhood he was permitted to indulge his tastes without hindrance." His character corresponded with his life. He had a genial, kindly disposition, which made him beloved by all. One of his admirers paid him this compliment: "To speak out in a single word what was the most salient feature of his character, he was a Christian in the fullest sense of the word."

His music has not the strength which other masters have put into their compositions, but it is very beautiful. His most famous works are the oratorios "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The following story is told of the origin of the latter:

"Listen," said Mendelssohn, and he read from the Bible: "'And, behold, the Lord passed by.' Would that not be splendid for an oratorio?" he exclaimed. For nine years he worked on the oratorio, "Elijah," and when it was done that clause was part of it.

In general, the tunes which have been taken

from the masters are full of character and music. Take, for example, "Antioch" from Handel, "Creation" from Haydn, "Hanover" from Mozart, "Dulcetta" from Beethoven, and "Herald Angels" from Mendelssohn; notice their variety, both in time and tone. They are not plain songs, but rather strains of victory. To this list might be added other tunes, such as "Samson," "Thatcher," "Benjamin," and "Janes."

"Portuguese Hymn" was named for the nationality of its author, Marcus Antonio Portugallo. In 1803, when the French invaded Portugal, the composer fled with the royal family to Brazil. There he became the musical director of Rio Janiero. This tune was part of a midnight mass. A Christmas carol was set to the music, and it was sung by the priests and nuns on their way to the church Christmas morning. Protestants recognized the beauty and dignity of the tune, and to-day the Church universal is singing it.

It would be hard to find a tune more soothing and restful than "Mercy." It is a part of "The Last Hope." That piece was improvised one evening by Louis Gottschalk, in order to sooth and quiet an invalid lady who was anxious about her son. A lullaby could hardly have done the work better.

Several of the tunes are national airs; namely, "Russian Hymn," "Austria," and "America."

Carl von Weber was educated both in painting and music, but chiefly in the latter. Most of his time and talents were devoted to writing operas which were very successful.

After one of his triumphs he wrote to his wife. "My best-beloved: Through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliant and affecting nature of the scene of the triumphs is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it!" At that time he was in London, surrounded by the greatest musicians of the day. He was suffering from consumption, and soon afterward returned to Germany to die at the early age of forty. He expressed his desire in these words: "Let me go unto my own, and then God's will be done." He had a fine, sensitive nature, and his compositions are very musical. The tunes "Jewett," "Wilmot," and "Seymour" are all taken from his works.

Very prominent among modern tune-writers was Dr. Thomas Hastings. He was a poor boy. In summer he worked hard on the farm, and in winter walked six miles to school every day. His first music-book was a pamphlet of four pages. Later a treatise on music gave him some ideas, and he worked out all the difficult passages. Step

by step, he worked his way up to the position of editor of a singing-book. In 1818 he turned his attention especially to sacred music, and from that time on worked for its improvement. He was an advocate and promoter of congregational singing in public worship. In 1822 he published a book entitled "Musical Taste." In this work he took the position "that religion has substantially the same claim on music that it has on speech." To prove the truth of that statement was his life-work.

His book made such an impression that twelve Churches united in inviting him to New York City. At first he hesitated, but afterward consented to go. For forty years he ruled the sacred music used by the whole country. To him Church music was a sacred duty, a "holy calling." Dr. Hastings wrote both words and music. Among his hymns are "Gently, Lord, O gently lead us," "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning," and "Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding." His tunes include the triumphant "Zion," the sweet "Ortonville," "New Haven," and "Toplady;" and the tender "Retreat."

Modern hymnals are filled with tunes either written or arranged by Lowell Mason. His taste for music asserted itself early. While still in his youth he began to teach music and conduct choirs. In this way he gained a local reputation.

One day a lady asked him to compose a tune for Bishop Heber's missionary hymn. He consented, and in half an hour called at her home, and gave her the tune which has become wedded to those words. That was the beginning of his career. Some authorities regard him as the most distinguished composer that America has produced.

He wrote tunes to suit all classes of hymns. Among his stately melodies are "Meribah," "Uxbridge," "Dort," "Zebulon," "Admah," and "Migdol." Among his solemn and plaintive melodies are "Malvern," "Hebron," "Noel," and "Ingham." There are many others which might be mentioned.

William Bradbury was a pupil of Dr. Mason, and a very gifted composer. Indeed, he was the founder of modern Sunday-school music. The quality of his work may be judged from such tunes as "Aletta," "Olive's Brow," "Woodworth," and "Sweet hour of Prayer." He worked on a farm when a boy, and would often sing as he followed the plow. He was fourteen years old before he ever saw an organ.

Dr. Henri Abraham Cæsar Malan, the friend of Charlotte Elliott, wrote a few tunes, among them "Welton" and "Hendon." But composing was a very small part of his work. He was a preacher and reformer of considerable power. Switzerland was his native land; but his in-

fluence extended far beyond the boundaries of that country. He made tours through Holland, Germany, France, and Scotland, preaching and teaching wherever he went. Like Wesley, he proclaimed a personal and spiritual religion; like him, he met with opposition. The State Church excluded him from her pulpits. This did not silence him, however. He gathered his followers into his own house, and taught them there. Later they built a small chapel, where Dr. Malan preached until his death in 1864. The funeral hymn beginning "It is not death to die," is his, and reveals in some measure his triumphant spirit.

Not all the great tunes were written by celebrated musicians. "Coronation" was written by Oliver Holden, a New England carpenter.

It will be noted that, as a rule, the tunes have been written by devout men, and have always been used for religious purposes. Some melodies, however, have been taken from secular compositions of a high order. When appropriate music is united to sacred words, they form what Frantz called "a fusion of poetry and music which can hardly be brought to a higher point of intimacy."

These are but a few of the hymns and tunes which have established themselves in the affections of the Church. To tell of them all would

occupy volumes. With such a wealth of inspiring and ennobling lyrics, why should we use that which is inferior? Christ claims our best service and merits our noblest praise. Anything less would be unworthy. Then let us accept Robert West's invitation in his hymn:

"Come, let us tune our *loftiest* song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign."

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